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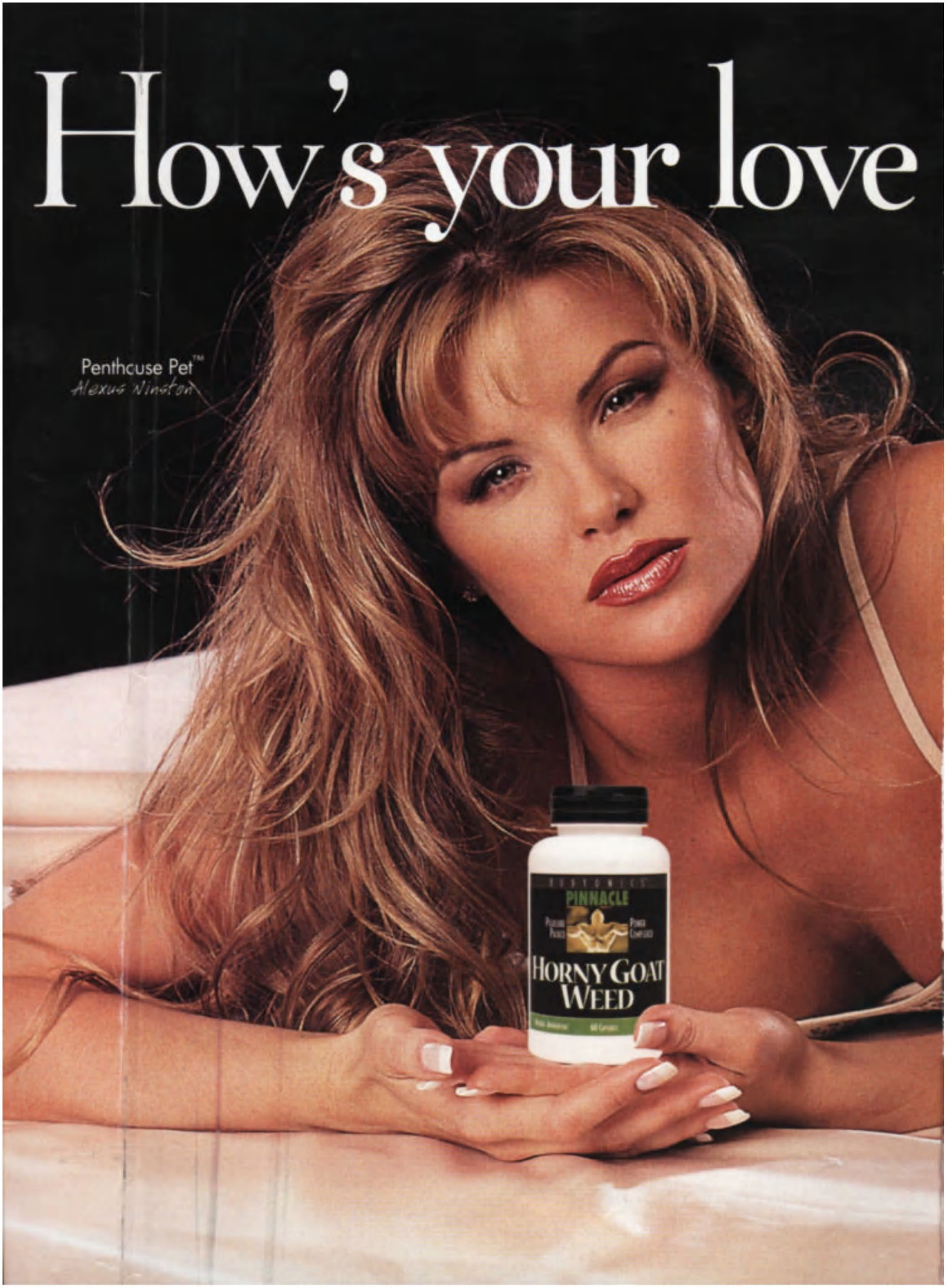
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PENTHOUSE

THE MAGAZINE OF SEX, POLITICS, AND PROTEST FEBRUARY 2002

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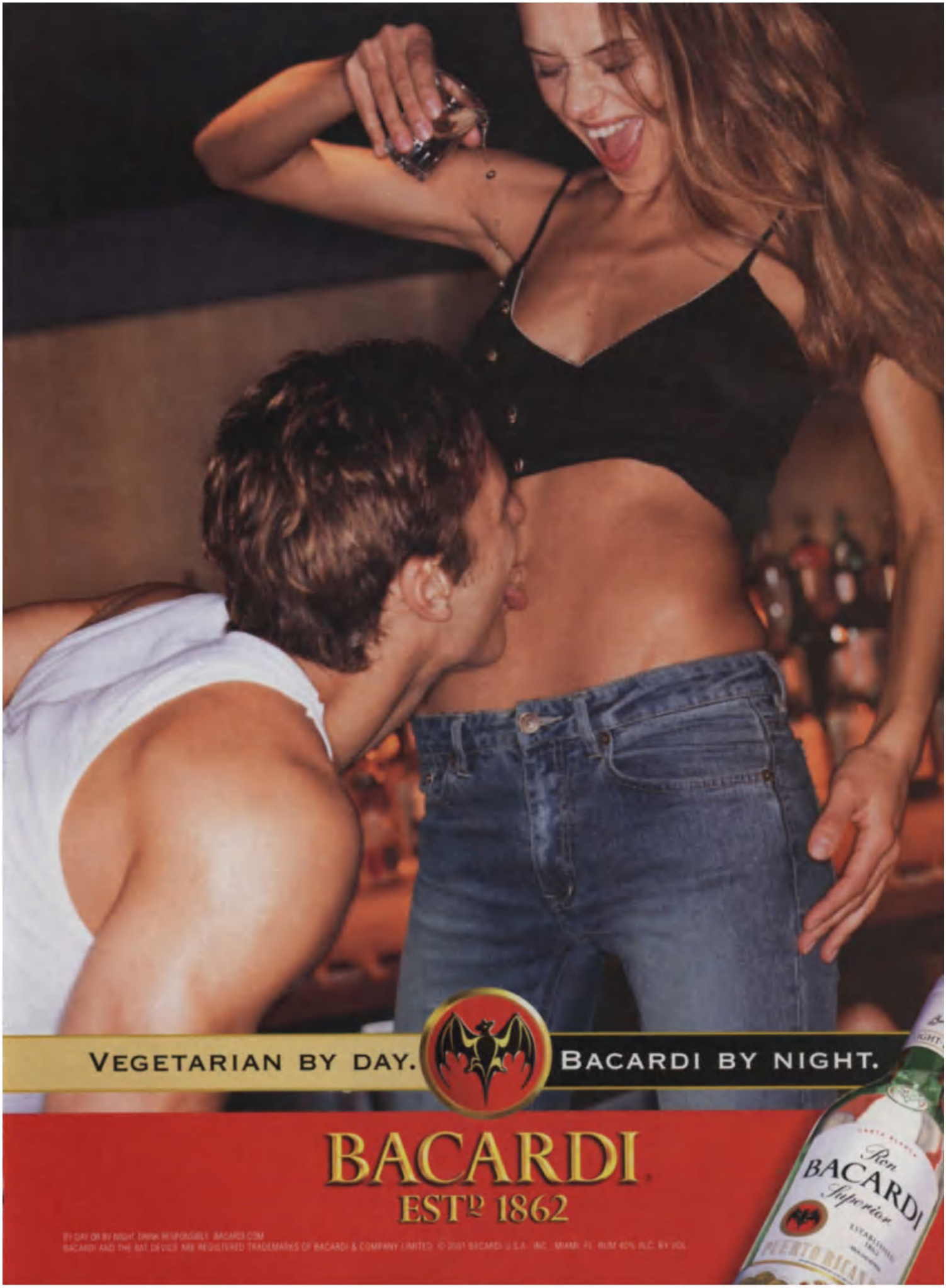
Advertising Offices: New York: General Media Communications, Inc., 11 Penn Plaza, Twelfth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10001. Tel. (212) 702-6000. Midwest: Penthouse, 333 N. Michigan Ave., Suite 2415, Chicago, Ill. 60601. Tel. (312) 750-1150. West Coast: Penthouse, 3330 Ocean Park Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif. 90405. Tel. (310) 392-2996. Penthouse, the Penthouse keys, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc. Certification: The records, if any, relating to any images in this periodical required to be maintained by 18 U.S.C. § 2257 and 28 C.F.R. § 75 are located at the office of the producer, 11 Penn Plaza, Twelfth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10001. M. Rothenberg, custodian of records.
Printed in Canada
Certificado de licitud de título No. 8554 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994 y certificado de licitud de contenido No. 5621 de fecha 10 Noviembre de 1994, expedidos por la comision calificadora de publicaciones y revistas ilustradas, dependiente de la secretaria de gobernacion, Mexico. Reserva de título No. 335-194 de fecha 13 de Diciembre de 1994, expedida por la direccion general del derecho de autor, dependiente de la secretaria de educación publica. 1279882



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FEBRUARY**HOUSECALL**

***Penthouse* celebrates Valentine's Day this year with bombast, boxers, and ball breakers.**

The Body Politic

Jesse "The Body" Ventura, the wrestler-turned-people's politician who may or may not be running for reelection as governor of Minnesota in November 2002—or who's maybe running for president—has, through three years of bullying, threatening, and posturing his way through one dumb situation after another, proved himself a master of style over substance. Yet even if the country has come to enjoy—thanks to **Kenneth Starr** and the **Monica Lewinsky** scandal—government-as-entertainment, one has to wonder if Ventura's brand of government by celebrity is America's future as well. Journalist **Peter Manso** reports on what Ventura's showy foray into politics could mean.

Ring Masters

Amateur boxing in Cuba is a triumph of style *and* substance. That tiny Third World country, with few natural resources and only 11 million of the world's nearly six billion people, has been kicking ass in international amateur boxing for 40 years, winning four out of 12 gold medals in each of the last two Olympics. No other nation has ever come close to assembling so many skilled fighters—amateur or professional—in each weight division as the Cubans do every year at the Torneo Nacional de Boxeo in Santiago. For the true devotee of the sweet science, those 200-plus bouts of Cuba's national championships are a dream come true. **Timothy Ford** takes a look inside "The Big Red Boxing Machine" from which so many champions spring, and details why the Cubans' sparse and cheap training regimen is such a knockout.

The Greatest?

Extreme-sports athletes like **Shaun Palmer** must possess the same talent and dedication of any *Sports Illustrated* cover jock. But they must also possess dead-on focus, because a compound fracture or death is just one inch to the left or right. Palmer, who is world-class in at least *four different sports*, is arguably the greatest athlete in the world. In "View From the Top," **Kristen Ulmer** profiles this "tattooed, potty-mouthed punk," a world champion like no other.

We Want Candye

Blues singer **Candye Kane** has been described as a "former porn star, stripper, blues diva, fat activist, feminist bisexual," and she wears each part of that label proudly. Kane, the owner of a powerhouse voice, refuses to be ignored—or to cover up. At gigs, she's even been known to play the piano with her bodacious boobs. Music critic **Jim DeRogatis** (whose book *Let It Blurt: The Life and Times of Lester Bangs, America's Greatest Rock Critic* was a finalist for this year's Ralph J. Gleason Music Book Award) profiles this motivated mama, whose climb to cult fandom has been nothing short of inspirational.

Ball Banter

Chris Webber, the six-foot-ten, 245-pound power forward of the Sacramento Kings, takes on his toughest opponents: "Sporting America" inquisitors **Jonathan Davis** and **Michael-Ann Rowe**. Webber dishes the dirt about trash talking, his NBA career, and even his prom date when he answers 19 out of the 20 questions that only we dare to ask.... And then in "Stand-up Guys," Davis tackles comedian **Dave Attell**, star of the new Comedy Central show *Insomniac* and one very sensitive guy: "I cry at least once a day, but that's because I sit on my balls."

Nudes and News

This month's "Penis Page" profiles **Sherry Wallerstein Camhy**, a New York City-based artist whose nude drawings beautifully celebrate every man's favorite body part.... And our Unrepentant Voyeur, **Ralph Gardner Jr.**, reports on NakedNews.com, a Website for news junkies and nudity fans alike; it features talented young bare-naked ladies reading the news, reporting on sports and entertainment, and forecasting the weather.... Help us celebrate the announcement of this year's Pet of the Year Runner-Up, sultry **Tera Patrick**. And don't miss a single photo of our gorgeous Pet of the Month, **Kyli Ryan**, or any of our other groundbreaking pictorials. We have no doubt you'll want to ask all these lovely ladies to be your Valentine.

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

Sex in Texas

Recently I flew to San Antonio on last-minute business. After suffering through meetings all day, I was enjoying dinner and music with some friends at a trendy restaurant. Leaning back in my chair, sipping a glass of wine, I was finally letting loose and feeling mellow.

Suddenly there was something blocking my view of the band. I looked up and locked eyes with one gorgeous hunk. This guy gave new meaning to the cliché "tall, dark, and handsome."

"I think I just found the prettiest girl in the room," he said to me in a soft, slow drawl.

"I bet you say that to all the girls," I said, flirting right back.

"Only when it's true," he said, grinning. "Let's dance."

I followed him onto the dance floor, which was filled with gyrating bodies. This was the perfect opportunity to check out the rest of this dude's body.

At midnight he suggested leaving. I was more than ready to get some fresh air, and my friends had left long before. As soon as we were past the door, he grabbed me and pulled my face to his. I could feel his rising flesh next to my stomach.

"Where are you staying?" he asked.

"Not so fast," I said, desperately wanting to rip off all my clothes and fuck him then and there. "Tomorrow is an early day for me."

"Me too," he said, "but there is always tomorrow night if you're still here."

"What did you have in mind?" I asked. "Besides, I usually know a guy's name before I go out with him."

"Just call me Milton," he said.

"And I'm Nora," I said.

"Okay, Nora. I'll walk you back to your hotel, but I would really like to see you tomorrow." I don't remember ever wanting anything more in my life. We agreed to meet at the bar in my hotel at eight the following night.

The next day I could hardly concentrate on my work. I felt excited and flushed just thinking of seeing Milton, and I hoped he felt the same way. When I stood up from my chair, I saw I'd left a damp spot that had soaked through from my panties. I rushed out, hoping no one noticed.

Back at my hotel I luxuriated in a bubble bath and oiled my skin. My shaved pussy lips were swollen with anticipation, and I felt that if I so much as touched my throbbing clitoris it would immediately explode. Always one to make the best of a situation, I climbed nude into the soft bed and started stroking my nipples and my still-pulsating cunt. The fireworks were just seconds away when the phone rang.

I picked up and heard Milton's husky voice say, "Meet me downstairs at the bar." I threw on a miniskirt and a halter top, but wore no bra or panties. At the bar I slipped onto the stool next to him.

"You look incredible," he said, shaking his head. He poured me a glass of champagne from the chilled bucket beside him, kissed me on the mouth, and started nuzzling my ear. I again felt moistness

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THE MAGAZINE OF SEX, POLITICS, AND PROTEST

Founded March 1965

BOB GUCCIONE
Editor in Chief & Publisher

KATHY KEETON
President & C.O.O.

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(U.S. edition)

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FEBRUARY

seeping from my throbbing pussy.

Leading him by the hand, I took him up to my room. Once inside the door, he gently started kissing my lips and neck while I ran my hands over his firm abs and strong shoulders. Slipping off my halter top, he massaged my breasts and pinched my nipples until I wanted to scream. We finished undressing and I headed for the bed.

"Wait. Come here—it's so beautiful this time of night," he said as he led me to the balcony's sliding glass door. I could now see his totally erect, thick, beautiful penis. Kneeling down, I took as much of him into my mouth as I could manage and gently sucked until he begged me to wait.

Milton turned me around to face the river below. He stood behind me, encircling me in his arms. Grabbing my ass, he spread my legs slightly and slid his throbbing cock into my warm, moist pussy. His right hand found my hard pearl, and he stroked it in rhythm with his thrusts. I leaned on the rail of the balcony to allow him to fuck me as deeply as possible. We both got rather verbal, exploding within seconds of each other. Couples strolling below must have enjoyed observing our passion right over their heads.

Afterward, lying on the bed, we laughed ourselves silly, then spent the rest of the night licking and sucking. I learned what the term *well fucked* meant. As it turns out, Milton and I live in the same city, and we have enjoyed many more sexual experiences together.—*N.V., California*

Lustful Letter

Every guy has one wish, one ultimate fantasy, somewhere deep inside his id. The imagination is never short of wild, sexy adventures, but reality seldom measures up. My fantasy involved a woman named Jewel, and on one incredible day I learned that dreams do come true.

First let me describe myself. I'm going into my sophomore year in college. I have piercing crystal-blue eyes. My hair is thick and sandy brown. My dark brown skin bulges with well-toned muscles and I'm over six feet tall. Although many girls are openly flirtatious with me, only one girl held my affections. Every night I would lie awake consumed with desire for her, knowing I wouldn't be able to live with myself if I didn't try to win her over somehow.

Then one night I couldn't take it any longer. I climbed out of bed and wrote a letter to Jewel, telling her exactly what I wanted to do with her:

"Dearest Jewel, I've been having this fantasy about you....

"It's the last day of school and it's so hot outside that I can't bear to sit in class

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any longer. I've been working up the courage the whole year to make a move on you. I don't know what it is, maybe the heat, but I can't resist you. You have on that short red silk skirt with the slit up the side. I can't help but look at your gorgeous legs. You have on a low-cut black top. The sweat of your breasts glistens through it. Your hair is pulled up. I want your body more than ever. I can't speak, so I write, 'I want you.'

"When you see my note, you moisten your lips with your tongue. I smile with expectation. As if to seduce me outright, you bring two fingers to your lips and then run them down through your cleavage. I motion with my head toward the classroom door, and we both ask to be excused.

"When we meet in the hall, you thrust me against the wall. You take my face into your soft hands and start kissing me. Succumbing to the depths of desire, you slide your hand into my pants. Seconds later you pull your hand out, grab *my* hand, and take me toward the elevator. When the elevator doors close behind us, I pick you up by your sweat-beaded thighs and lift you against the elevator wall. I reach my hand under your shirt and clutch your firm breasts. I hungrily kiss your face and neck. The elevator reaches the ground floor. We leave arm in arm and walk to my car, thrilled with anticipation.

"While I concentrate on the road, knowing that my parents are off on vacation, you sit next to me with a wicked grin on your face. I feel my pants being unzipped. First you slip your tongue underneath my balls. You circle my cock with that tongue, slurping up and down the shaft, over and over. Just as my cock screams for release, you engulf it and suck it hungrily.

"Your teasing tongue makes me feel as if nothing else in the world matters but being inside you. I pull into the driveway, lead you to the kitchen where we rob the fridge, and then head for the pool behind the house. With no one around, we sit and sip champagne. You dip a strawberry into some whipped cream, and an idea pops into my head: 'When we get upstairs,' I say, 'I'm going to cover you from head to toe in that stuff and give you a tongue bath.'

"Underneath my calm exterior I am raging with excitement as you dip your foot in the water and look beckoningly into my eyes. I know I am in for the night of my life.

"You kneel beside the whirlpool and let its foam bubble up between your fingers. You splash the water on your shirt, which outlines your breasts. I want to tear off my clothes. 'Wait,' you whisper, 'me first.' You begin to strip by discarding the black shirt that clings to your tits, revealing the lacy red bra underneath.

"You hoist your red slitted skirt to reveal your lacy pink panties. You stand up, shimmy to allow them to slip to your ankles, then flip them in my direction with your toe. For the final act of the show, you slip your hands behind your back to undo your bra, but quickly cross your arms over your breasts, to prolong the temptation all the more. After a full minute, you drop your hands and fling the bra at me. Your nipples point to the sky. The desire that has been welling up within you now seems to flow into your fingertips. Closing your eyes, you take my fingers and slide them first to your lips, then down your neck to those pulsing breasts. As I knead your nipples between my fingers, you once again run your tongue across your lips. A wave of excitement flows over me and my lips fly to yours, as if propelled by some unseen force. Our kiss is tender but intense. The embrace seems to last for hours, yet somehow we find our way back into the house and up to my bedroom.

"After we dive beneath the covers, I caress your beautiful body from the bottom up, massaging your toes, your feet, your calves, the inside of your thighs. I nibble on your stomach before approaching your ripened fruits. I move my tongue around each breast in an endless spiral, taking loving little bites of each nipple. Then I kiss my way up to your face and devour your mouth.

"It is now the moment to dip my bulging cock into your eager pussy, but at first I only allow the tip to penetrate. 'Ohh!' you cry. 'Put it all in now!' I pull my cock out of you and repeat the motion, only allowing the tip to enter. You arch your back, feverishly trying to get me to fill your quivering cunt. I stick my cock in, only halfway, and swivel it around for a few seconds before pulling out once more. 'Please, I need you inside me so badly, I need your cock right now!' This desperate plea is the final encouragement I need to fulfill both your fantasy and mine.

"With a good thrust, my aching cock storms into your pussy like a missile aimed at a beautiful cathedral. The waves of pleasure I send cascading through your body are too much for you. You cry out and lock your slender legs behind my back, matching my movements with thrusts of your own. Our bodies flow together like the notes played by a symphony orchestra. Your pussy explodes in orgasm. Juices pour out of you, and you cling to me for dear life.

"You're feeling pleasure like never before. I too am ablaze with delight and feel ready to explode inside you. I pump harder and harder, faster and faster, the sensations running from my cock all the way through my entire body. Then my prick bursts in an eruption of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15

FAST**FORWARD**

WORDS • BY GIL REAVILL

There's good news and bad news for Alan Furst. After a decade of creating the finest espionage thrillers now being written, Furst was finally discovered by the sheeplike critics, who last year lined up nose-to-butt bleating his praises. Problem was, no one could buy his books, which were out of print or underdistributed.

Publishing, the last medieval business going, is as slow to turn as the *Queen Mary*, but Furst's situation might finally change. Last October, 1995's *The Polish Officer* and his recent *Kingdom of Shadows* were reprinted in trade paperback, and this January *The World at Night* and its sequel, *Red Gold*, are likewise being rereleased in handsome matching volumes by Random House. Still tragically MIA at press time are Furst's earlier, meatier novels *Dark Star* (1991) and *Night Soldiers* (1988).

Why does it matter? Furst, like Alfred Hitchcock, is a prime purveyor of existential dread. And like his equals Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler, he is a genre novelist who easily transcends genre. He writes (mostly) about occupied Paris as if it were a brutish Kafka landscape, but lends it the stinging immediacy of today's newspaper reports. Now that readers can actually get their hands on his books, Furst may finally be embraced as a superb writer at the top of his game.

FILM • BY STEPHAN TALTY

Toronto has more flash and power, Sundance is hipper, but Montreal is the old-school mecca of world film festivals. Directors and producers from 70 countries lug their reels to this stunning city every August, and Montrealers turn out in droves to sample the goods. Since there are few publicists or shows like *Entertainment Tonight* in attendance, it's still possible to make a fresh discovery. Here are some of the latest batch of standouts.

Strass: Watch out for Belgian upstart Vincent Lannoo. The 31-year-old director's first feature is a satire of the acting world so biting it leaves teeth marks. Drama instructor Pierre has developed the "open teaching" method—which means basically terrorizing students and indulging in other kinds of outrageous behavior—but his world collapses when his pupils rebel while a documentary team is there to record it. Wickedly funny.

Hélène de Fougerolles, the bombshell discovery of the Montreal Film Festival, in *Mortal Transfer*.

Mortal Transfer: The bombshell discovery of the festival was French actress Hélène de Fougerolles, who plays a masochistic wife in this psychoanalytic comedy-thriller. Reminiscent of a young (and French) Ellen Barkin, the luminous beauty displays a sharp wit as a kleptomaniac who's involved in a weird S&M relationship with her businessman husband.

Posthumous Memories: Most films about an individual's life begin at the beginning. This Portuguese comedy—adapted from the famous nineteenth-century Brazilian novel *The Posthumous Memoirs of Brás Cubas*—starts at the funeral of its hero, a roguish aristocrat. As he recounts his many misadventures with women, *Memories* displays a wistful literary cynicism that is rarely found in modern movies, foreign or otherwise.

Flickering Lights: Another young talent to keep a close eye on is Danish writer-director Anders Thomas Jensen. His bitterly funny foray into the world of Copenhagen crime—at one point, a gang boss shoots at a movement in his dark apartment, only to find out that he's hit a champagne bottle being readied for a surprise party—is uneven, but it's superbly written and shot. In a foreign-film market desperate for young talent, Jensen is a comer.

But perhaps the biggest discovery for filmgoers was the city itself. Increasingly important as a shooting location (think of Robert De Niro's club in *The Score*, a real jazz bistro located in old Montreal), the gem of Quebec features a breathtaking waterfront, a cosmopolitan population, and touches of Europe's great cities, all of which make it, along with Venice, the most enjoyable site for a film festival in the world.

WINE • BY ALEXIS BESPALOFF

For some time, the appealing wines of Chile have provided excellent value, and American consumers have responded by increasing imports of Chilean wines from fewer than one million cases in 1990 to nearly six million a year today. As in California, Chilean wines are marketed with varietal names, primarily Cabernet Sauvignon, Merlot, Chardonnay, and Sauvignon Blanc. (Other varieties include Pinot Noir, Syrah, and Carmenère, an obscure grape from Bordeaux only recently identified in Chile.) The modern era of Chilean winemaking began in the mid-nineteenth century, when wealthy families brought in winemakers and grape varieties from France and established large estates near Santiago. Today Chile's vineyards extend for about 600 miles.

Carta Vieja and Walnut Crest produce attractive varietal wines at $6 a bottle, but a wider range is readily available at $8 or so, including such dependable labels as Concha y Toro Xplorador and Santa Rita "120." Other familiar labels include Caliterra (co-owned by Napa Valley's Robert Mondavi), Santa Carolina, MontGras, and Undurraga. Well-made wines in the $10 to $13 range include Montes, Carmen, Cousino Macul, La Palma, the Marques de Casa Concha and Casillero del Diablo bottlings of Concha y Toro, Casa Lapostolle (established by France's Marnier Lapostolle family), Los Vascos (which has the same owners as Lafite-Rothschild), and Veramonte.

Although most consumers turn to Chile when they're looking for quality wine at $10 or less, several producers have released reserve wines priced at $20 or so, including Caliterra's Arboleda, Casa Lapostolle's Cuvée Alexandre, and Montes Alpha. In addition, such distinctive reds as Sena, Almaviva, Don Melchor, Montes M, and Clos Apalta cost $40 to $90.

Remember that inexpensive wines, both red and white, are best consumed young, while they retain their appealing fruit. And since the harvest in Chile occurs in March, you should look for 2001 whites and 2000 reds.

The appealing red and white wines of Chile offer easy drinking and good value.

TELEVISION • BY GIL REAVILL

Give Americans someone to love and you're good. Give them someone to hate and you're golden. For more than a decade beginning in 1970, ABC Sports gave the nation Howard Cosell, in the booth at *Monday Night Football*, and both the sportscaster and the country rose to the occasion splendidly.

In the shaved-second attention span of contemporary culture, Cosell is already receding like an 18-wheeler in a Corvette's rear-view mirror. But there was a time when he was a media colossus, accomplishing the Q-rating double play of being both the most liked and the most hated broadcaster in America.

"Arrogant, pompous, obnoxious, vain, cruel, verbose, a show-off," Cosell once said. "I have been called all of these. Of course I am." He was physically tough to take, with wet, weak-limned lips and a rug that crawled across his skull like brown mold. He was a man who found it not within his powers to answer a question with a simple "Yes." He had to say, "I concur."

Peel away at the animosity—Cosell haters used to delight in tossing bricks through TVs—and you discover good old all-American anti-Semitism. Cosell was a self-identified "Brooklyn Jew" (though he was born in North Carolina). Standing next to the "corn-pone cowboy," Dandy Don Meredith, Cosell might as well have had a target painted on his forehead with a star of David as a bull's-eye.

But beneath that bull's-eye was a smart, passionate soul, incorruptible, devoted to his own distilled brand of weirdness. For his odd-duck qualities alone, much less his championing of Muhammad Ali, Cosell deserves to be remembered. But does *Monday Night Football* deserve a movie chronicling, memorializing, and obsessing over the Cosell years?

TNT's *Monday Night Mayhem*, airing this January, is a TV show about a TV show, and thus immediately suspect as a purely masturbatory exercise. See it for one reason only: John Turturro's Cosell is a laugh-out-loud joy; it's a performance steeped in the delight of seeing a true artist at play. Okay, see it for one other reason: to realize just how much current *Monday Night Football* commentator Dennis Miller sucks.

"After numerous sexual partners I had come to believe that my idea of the perfect lover existed only in the pages of an erotic magazine - that is until I met Danny. A few days ago we were lying on our bed when he slowly began to peel off my clothes. As we kissed, with his hands caressing the length of my body, I felt my...

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FORUM

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come, filling your pussy to the brink.

"I awake with your gorgeous body folded in my arms. I squeeze you closer to me and brush back the hair from your angel face. Your eyes slowly open and gaze up at me with adoration.

"Jewel, this is just one of the dreams I wish to live out with you. Maybe someday I will get that chance. Only time and fate will tell."

I sent Jewel the letter, not really expecting anything to come of it, except the worst. But two days later she showed up in class wearing that red skirt with the slit up the side and a sly, seductive smile on her face. She looked just as I had described her in my letter, just as I had pictured her in my fantasies. When she flashed me an arousing glance, I knew what was to come. That night we lived out everything I had written in my letter to the word—and we did get around to that whipped-cream bath I'd suggested in my letter. Yummy yummy!—*T.T., Illinois*

Double the Pleasure

On Valentine's Day last year my wife Salena and I went out for dinner and drinks as a prelude to turning a romantic evening into a passionate one once we got home. We'd both taken the following day off from work. We had exchanged Valentine's gifts earlier, but Salena told me there would be another gift for me when we got home—a special gift that would make this Valentine's Day a most memorable one.

At home, Salena told me to close my eyes as she led me into the bedroom. My cock was already fully erect with excitement. In the dark I heard only the sounds of Salena undressing. When she told me to open my eyes I saw that the room glowed with candlelight and was filled with red heart balloons. What I saw next was absolutely breathtaking. Lying on the bed together and completely naked were Salena and her best friend, Danielle. "Happy Valentine's Day," they cooed. Then, with a big smile on her face, Salena added, "I told you it was a special gift, didn't I, baby? Why don't you get undressed and join us."

I couldn't believe what was happening as I tore off my clothes. Feasting my eyes on these two beauties, I took in their big, luscious tits and stiff nipples. Even more lovely was the sight of their pussies, each completely shaved of its golden curls. Salena and Danielle sat me between them on the bed and let me taste their tits. I couldn't wait to have my tongue inside their pink gashes. They both leaned back and took turns kissing me while gently stroking my

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Karma

My wife Sonya and I need your advice on whether we should continue to have a sexual relationship with a married woman.

Sonya is 29, bi-specific (meaning that she knows what she likes in other women), and very open. I'm 32, athletic, and, according to Sonya, good-looking. We both have professional jobs and have been together for 13 years, married for nine. We don't like to be called swingers, because that would mean we swap partners or have a threesome with just anyone. We consider ourselves sharers with discretion. We bring to our bed a couple or another person once or twice a year. Sometimes it will take a year or two before we find that ideal someone. For us, the journey to find someone is half the fun.

This brings me to our current problem. Our friend Theresa is 28, intelligent, and really hot. She's got blonde hair, blue eyes, and a petite figure with nice breasts and a perfect ass. She wants Sonya and me bad enough to have cheated on her husband by sharing our bed for one night. I tease Sonya about this, saying that if she hadn't grabbed Theresa's crotch while we were all dirty-dancing together about two months ago, Theresa never would have thought about straying from her husband.

There's the main concern. We don't like to see couples break up. Theresa seems happily married to a good guy. They have been together for seven years, and even though they don't have the type of marriage Sonya and I have, I have seen worse. Theresa says she hasn't been with anyone since she met him—and judging from the way that first evening went, and how nervous she was, we believe her.

The trouble is that the three of us are becoming very good friends. Theresa is the first person we have been with who is attracted to us as a couple. She would not want to be with either one of us alone. She likes to be with Sonya and me as if we were one entity. Sonya and I feel we have always been like one individual with two bodies, and Theresa wants to be part of that. It is such a compliment and a turn-on that we are planning a second rendezvous. We're going to spend a weekend with her in a hotel while her husband is out of town.

Should we continue our relationship with Theresa and risk damaging her marriage? She seems very secure with herself, and says she has only felt guilty about not feeling guilty about that one evening we all spent together. In fact, she says, she's been fucking her husband's brains out since then. She knows we support marriage in general, and would end our fling if any of us felt someone could get hurt.

Be that as it may, we still have reservations about taking Theresa deeper into our bed, knowing that we could wreck her marriage. We also know that Theresa is an adult making a choice. Still, Sonya and I think it is bad karma to pass the buck back to her. We have to own up to our responsibility in this affair.

Please give us your feedback, and thank you for your column. It has been a constant source of reference material during our sexual journey.—J.D., Hawaii

Your version of the story is that your wife initiated your current threesome, and you tease her by saying that if this were not so, the thought never would have crossed Theresa's mind. How do you know what inner conflict or hidden passion caused Theresa to want to share your bed? Theresa is 28 years old and has considered what she is doing carefully enough to feel guilty about not feeling guilty. That almost certainly means that there is

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something lacking in her relationship with her husband, which she is rectifying by fucking around with you guys. It is not your responsibility to decide what Theresa should or should not do.

If, after an orgiastic feast of passion, you suddenly say to her, "We believe in the sanctity of marriage, so we are not going to expose you to anymore temptation," she is bound to feel rejected. You are likely to convince her that marriage is an institution in which no sane person wants to live. Under those circumstances, she might look for another extramarital sexual pressure-release valve, which might not be as comfortable, or as considerate, as yours.

I think it is a beautiful idea that two people should fall in love and live together, but if they feel they have to make a legal contract with each other to make it work, there is something wrong from the beginning. If they still want to go ahead with the contract idea, they should draw it up with the assistance of a competent lawyer and not accept the hypocritical marriage contract as it exists in most of the Western world. The concept that it is possible to live with the same person forever, "forsaking all others," is not practical, and as soon as one of the partners steps out of line, the other is placed in a position of power to punish the wrongdoer, which too often spells doom for a relationship.

The American conscience, which invented the expression "cheating," would like to castigate marital infidelity with the same harsh treatment given a gambler caught cheating at cards. Some people's sexual appetites are so huge that no one-on-one relationship is going to satisfy them. Strangely enough, many such people still need the security of being loved and looked after by a permanent partner. But in order to make a go of permanence, they need a lover, or two, or more, on the side, and in my experience the only way one can get away with this kind of infidelity is to keep it secret.

Let Theresa make up her own mind about what she wants to do, but advise her strongly against any kind of confession to her husband, if she wants to keep her relationship going with him. And don't feel guilty about her husband. What he does not know will not hurt him, and since you say Theresa is fucking his brains out, he is not at the moment missing out on anything.

Hair: Part I

My husband John and I have been married 15 years. Soon after we got married he convinced me to let him shave my pussy. Sometimes he shaves off all the hair from my pussy to my ass hole. Other times I let it grow back a little but keep it neatly trimmed, mohawk-style, leaving about a one-inch-by-three-inch strip of pubic hair above my twat. John has come up with many other designs, but the inner and outer pussy lips are always shaved clean.

After all this time I'm still quite pleased with how John shaves and styles me, and have no complaints regarding how my pussy looks or feels. I know that some women complain that once the hair starts growing back it becomes itchy; luckily I've never had this problem.

Once, many years ago, while John was shaving me, I asked him if I could shave his genitals. He had never considered having this done, but was hard-pressed to come up with reasons why it shouldn't be. After all, it has been much more enjoyable for him to eat my pussy without all my pubic hair getting in the way. I have benefited too; John is really able to dig in and tongue-fuck my cunt for hours at a time. The same principle could now work for him. So it was decided that his cock and balls would be shaved clean. The only stipulation he made was that he do the shaving since he had more experience as a shaver. At the time, John had been shaving me for a couple of years without ever nicking or cutting my delicate parts, and he had been shaving his face every day, cut-free, for many years. Regardless of how much they trust their women, I do not think most men would feel safe having a female hold a razor anywhere near their cock or balls.

John finished trimming my pussy and then started on his own genital area. He used a small electric trimmer to closely trim all the hair from his navel to his cock. There was a lot to cut off. When all of the long pubic hair was gone, I filled a small basin with warm soapy water, the same as he had used on me, and lathered up his cock and balls. I looked on in amazement as he very carefully shaved off all the remaining hair. I finally got into the act when John had me spread his ass cheeks and shave out all the hair there. When we were done, and he was completely hairless, John got into the shower and washed away the soap and remnants of hair from his raging hard-on and smooth balls.

I was so turned on that I ended up joining him in the shower. I loved the way he now looked. John bent forward as the stream of warm water danced on our skin and he worked his cock into my pussy. He pumped me for a while, but I really wanted to taste his newly clean flesh. We got out of the shower and jumped into bed without even drying off. I immediately engulfed his cock with my mouth. I sucked him like I was possessed. I then flipped around and we had a very long and tasty sixty-nine. I

"I never touch you anymore because of what happened the last time I touched you."

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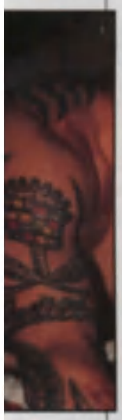
VIEW FROM THE TOP



SHAUN PALMER

By Kristen Ulmer

"It's war now," Shaun Palmer says with a sneer while urinating off the end of his new ski boat into the lake. "That bitch. I was nice though—wasn't I nice?"

We all nod.

"I wish I was like Letterman, that way I could just come up with something fucking brilliant to say on the spot." He stuffs his penis back in his swim shorts and grabs a water ski.

"I hate people like that," Palmer says. "I'm going to make her life hell now. Although I wish she didn't have that kid. I'm not into fucking with people when there's a kid around. That ain't right. But when she's alone with that pussy husband of hers, I'm going to spray 'em every time I drive by. Or shit on their boat. I fucking hate people like that."

It's typical Palmer. Despite the smooth morning water and the challenging slalom course bobbing two minutes from his new lake-front property in South Lake Tahoe, California, he's in a bad mood. He's in a bad mood because yet again someone has copped an attitude with him. With buddy Ed driving the boat, Palmer had unknowingly skied into the course from the wrong side, so the husband in the other boat threw up his arms. After yelling, "What the fuck!" back at him, Palmer calmly jumped back into his own boat and drifted over to ask about proper course etiquette. He even complimented the guy's wife on her water-skiing. Regardless, the wife shouted, "When are you leaving?" and "Need a better boat driver?"

Why would they treat him so rudely? Perhaps because he's covered in tattoos and says "fuck" about once every sentence. If they really got to know him, they'd also learn he drinks gallons of Budweiser and Crown Royal and has been the lead singer of several punk bands. Maybe then they could really justify being rude.

Or maybe if they got to know him they would bow in reverence, because 33-year-old Palmer is not just some tattooed, potty-mouthed punk with a fast boat. According to *USA Today*, *People*, and just about any extreme-sports sponsor, equipment manufacturer, or athlete you ask, Palmer is arguably the greatest athlete in the world. (He's not shy about making the claim himself, for that matter.) Michael Jordan? A one-trick wonder. Tiger Woods? A pansy-boy swinging a little metal stick. Palmer is world-class in at least *four* different sports, all of which could put him in traction or a box six feet under if he screws up. The man is also capable of mastering another five sports within the next year if he wants—making him an icon among those who prefer their sports perilous. As Nick Heil, senior editor of *Outside* magazine, puts it, "Palmer is the most astounding example of someone who has mastered all types of gravity sports. Which is why kids think he's the bomb."

Today, Palmer ponders: "Do I want to try and qualify for the Olympics in half-pipe snowboarding?" (Mount Hood Ski Resort is scrambling at this very moment to build him two of his own personal half-pipes so he can train.) "Or do I want to make another go at motocross?" And this yapping, miserable woman worries about sharing the water-ski course with him? Show some respect, lady.

Two hours later, Palmer is trying to climb a rock face to access a 30-foot cliff that angles back from the lake. A girl sits near the top, scared but wanting to jump into the water. She probably hiked down from the trail above. "Come on, greatest athlete in the world—climb those rocks!" Ed heckles from the boat. Shaun looks over his shoulder and sneers.

Once on the cliff, he stands casually above and behind the girl and doesn't say a word. If she turned around, she would see that his eyes are light, glassy blue, and his teeth are crooked. He seems to wear a permanent "I don't care about anything" scowl. Shaun's so laid-back, you almost get the impression he's slouching, but he's not. At five-foot-nine and

This tattooed, potty-mouthed punk is possibly the world's greatest athlete. But why do so many people think he's a world-class asshole?

VIEW FROM THE TOP

"The world doesn't understand what I've done. Only the people who know how hard each specific sport is know how good I am, because I've competed against them."

170 pounds, he has an enormous presence: narrow shoulders, small feet, thick tanned arms, and legs like two tree trunks with a couple of melon-shaped cinder-block ass cheeks at the top. It's the body of an athlete, and he balances on the steep, awkward rock cliff as if he were standing on a sidewalk.

Why is Shaun Palmer the greatest athlete in the world? Let us count the sports.

SNOWBOARDING: Raised in snowy South Lake Tahoe by his maternal grandmother and his mother, who worked in the nearby casinos, it was natural that Palmer would start with a winter sport. Barely a teen, and only two years after learning to snowboard, Palmer turned pro. Then in 1986 he quit the 11th grade to ride full-time. "At 17 years old I had a choice to fly to Europe on a plane and ride powder—and make money doing it—or go to normal high school. That was easy."

Over the years he became five-time world champion in racing and half-pipe events. Today he owns his own board-and-gear company (Palmer) and is the subject of a snowboarding video game by Activision. Until two years ago he was also three-time consecutive gold-medal winner of the X-Games boardercross (a motocross-style event for snowboarders). Shaun is known to have spent months drinking before the event and he rarely trains more than one single day, yet he still beat the best professional riders in the world. "I don't know why they bother to show up. They just humiliate themselves," he said once in a TV interview, intending to be funny. But Shaun doesn't look so funny; he looks pissed off, so the comment only snarled up the other riders, who wanted to kick his ass. But, as Palmer insists, "if you don't know you're going to win in the gate, you're fucking already beat."

MOUNTAIN BIKING: In 1996 Shaun decided to take up downhill mountain biking. Starting as a no-name, within a year he'd won several national races and missed being world downhill champion by 15-hundredths of a second, the equivalent of two fingers in a five-minute race. "All I had to do was wear spandex to win, but instead I wore a baggy motocross outfit, because I thought spandex was stupid. Fuck." The morning before, on a lark, he had borrowed a friend's slalom bike, qualified for the slalom race, and by that evening had become world slalom champion instead—mortifying in one unplanned attempt the other racers who had devoted their lives to the sport.

Specialized, a top bike manufacturer, gave him one of the largest contracts the downhill-bike industry had ever seen (around a million bucks for three years). Then, as best friend and world-class skier Brad Holmes recounts, "he just quit. I don't think he liked the sport very much. And since he's left, I honestly think mountain biking has died. I think he has that kind of influence."

SKIING: Three years ago Palmer decided to take up skiing, a sport he had mastered as a kid. Competing in the '99 X-Games skiercross against Olympic gold medalists and world champions, he won the first two heats and lost in the finals only because his ski tip snagged carpet in the starting gate. The other skiers claimed he was just lucky in the early heats, and shrugged him off. They may as well have lit a fuse in Shaun's ass. The next season he trained a few extra days and won both the X Games *and* the Gravity Games by 40-foot leads, embarrassing and shocking the ski world. "Then I quit. I beat the best fucking skiers in the world twice in one year. That was enough. I like to walk away from a sport on top."

MOTOCROSS: His favorite. "It's the real deal. You can't fake nothing. You gotta be badass or you're done. It's so physical to hold on to a 250cc bike for two 35-minute motos. That shit hurts." In 1998, after racing professionally since age 18, Shaun qualified for the sport's top event, supercross. "In the final lap, tears were running through my goggles. It was the proudest moment of my life. Afterwards I went out to the parking lot, got drunk, stuck my bike against a pole, and held it wide open until the back tire melted off the wheel." Honda signed him this past year as a Factory Team rider, but "then I trained three months, just to get hurt in the depressing second turn of the first race, where I got tangled

in a ten-guy pileup and drilled into a chain-link fence. I fucked up three fingers."

Extreme athletes must possess the same talent and dedication of any Olympian or *Sports Illustrated* cover jock. But they must also possess dead-on focus, because a compound fracture or death is just one inch to the left or right. Picture Tiger Woods golfing in a hurricane, with a gun cocked at his head and another at his knee. He misses par, someone pulls the trigger. That's what extreme sports feel like, which makes Shaun's talent, focus, and ability to win all the more surreal—acid-trippy even.

"Shaun and [fellow motocross rider] Jeremy McGrath are mentally the strongest people I know," says sponsor Troy Lee of Troy Lee designs (makers of safety equipment for motor sports). "If they say they're going to win, they do. But with Shaun, he does it with *every* sport. Not just one. I don't think anyone in their lifetime will accomplish what he's accomplished, ever."

The bad news is, these aren't mainstream sports with mainstream audiences. "The world doesn't understand what I've done," Palmer says. "Only the people who know how hard each specific sport is, in each industry, know how good I am. Because I've competed against them."

Skier Brad Holmes agrees: "America is too lazy to know about Shaun Palmer. Going to a stadium is much more convenient than hiking up a hill. These aren't easy-access McDonald's drive-through sports."

"Compared to what I'm worth, I don't get paid shit," Palmer complains. He makes anywhere from ten dollars to a million dollars a year, but "that's nothing compared to the guy who sticks to one sport. Each time I change sports, the companies ask, 'Well, what are you gonna do?' They don't understand, but they still give me money because they know I'll pull it off."

As he stands on the cliff, the sun hits Shaun like a spotlight. His buddy Ed climbs up next to him, pulls out his penis, and flops it around behind the crouching girl's back. The guys laugh like drunken street bums. Oblivious, she keeps looking over the edge. Suddenly, from ten feet above, Shaun launches himself with a powerful heave over her head. The girl yells out. *"Ahhh!"*

Splash. He jumps back in the boat with a single powerful kick. The boat has a glittery red stripe around the outside. Mastercraft, a top water-sports manufacturer, gave it to Shaun. In exchange, he put their logo on his helmet for the X-Games. For many sports fans, the X-Games hold more weight than the Olympics, and Shaun Palmer is always the star.

Shaun's life has been dramatically changed by the Games. Raised a dirty little kid riding around on a pieced-together BMX bike, today he owns a full-size bus painted in checkers, scallops, and flames to promote his high-profile snowboard company. He bought a $100,000 Porsche and sandpapered the shiny new paint job down to flat black. He has owned more than 30 Cadillacs in his life, and his tattoos reflect this. Depictions of hood ornaments and the word CADILLAC run over his body like skin rot, and a big black PALMER is chiseled across his six-pack abs. For as much alcohol as he drinks, he's covered in cement instead of the usual two-inch-thick flab wet suit of beer and pizza. Yes, he's an athlete—a rich and famous one. He's also, however, openly rude and arrogant, he calls other world-class athletes "fucking idiots"; he talks about women only if the word *pumping* is included; and he's regularly drunk, fighting, or swearing in public. He might better be known as a world-class asshole than anything else.

Boats slowly drift by Palmer's house. The neighbors check us out. We wave, but rarely do they wave back. "That's where he lives," whispers a passenger, unaware that water can carry voices.

Shaun doesn't care. He's worried about his pit bull. He left Vinnie with his girlfriend and feels terrible about it. Maybe Shaun isn't really such a jerk after all. He sponsored a paralyzed snowboard buddy with a $5,000 custom four-wheel mountain bike. The guy recently jumped 55 feet and made it into the *Guinness Book of World Records* while Shaun stood by cheering. Shaun regularly gives money to the

"If you don't know you're going to win in the gate, you're fucking beat already."

VIEW FROM THE TOP

Heavenly Ski Foundation to support local ski racers. And when his dad, who abandoned the family when Palmer was an infant, showed up for the first time 21 years later, Shaun invited him into his life with open arms.

This doesn't sound like an asshole. "Shaun is really intense when he competes," Holmes explains, "and that's all the public sees."

Is it possible then that Shaun Palmer is merely misunderstood? Six years ago, when he and his 70-year-old grandpa hung a six-foot-high, 12-foot-long CUNT in Christmas lights on Shaun's front door, was he just hoping to spread holiday cheer? When he sang in his band Fungus the lyrics to a song called "Prom Queen"—"I took her home in Bradley's gold Caddy / The bitch was ugly with dirty lips like Matty / I wanted to sink my finger in her ass so badly / She said she would and accepted so gladly"—was he just trying to express himself? And he'll wait patiently for those two girls in the white tank tops three houses down to grow older before he invites them over. How nice.

"Each time I change sports, companies ask, 'Well, what are you going to do?' They don't understand, but they still give me money, because they know I'll pull it off."

Shaun, despite his rude approach to the opposite gender, has had sex with many women. Some view him as untouchable, and wonder if they could be the one to tame him. They follow him around quietly sometimes, hoping for a nod of approval.

"I may have fucked a lot of chicks, but I have a girlfriend now," he says, referring to 20-year-old, well-endowed, blonde Stacy, who's hanging out with Vinnie right now. "When I met him," Stacy says—she made his aquaintance while she was couch surfing at a mutual friend's house—"I didn't know him or anything about him, and he wasn't my type. But he's just so funny and the center of attention and always topping himself. Not just in sports, but in making people laugh too. Like he plays with Vinnie's balls or runs around naked. He's just so much fun to be around."

"I love her," Shaun says of Stacy. But he doesn't mind *talking* about sex with other women at least. "In '90, I was at June Mountain in the trees during a blizzard, fucking this chick with both our pants completely off. And two patrol guys skied by.

"If I was a rock star, and not into sports and being in shape, I'd be dead now."

They were five feet away and did not see us. Couldn't fucking believe it. Two white asses. Then I took third in a World Cup half-pipe event an hour later."

Palmer jumps out of his boat and heads to the higher of two wooden decks fronting the lake. He bends one knee, takes a sip from his beer, and a stream of urine starts running down the inside of his shorts and onto his leather sandals. He doesn't even crack a smile.

Ed spits out his beer. "Palmer, you asshole," he says, laughing in a sleazy, casual way, used to the Shaun Palmer show. "Those are *my* sandals. That shit stains leather." Shaun flicks the sandals into the lake, then runs down and off the lower deck, throwing a gainer into the shallow water. Anyone else would have come up short and done a face plant, but Palmer pulls it off at the last second with a balanced jerk and lands perfectly, feet first.

Why is Palmer such an asshole? "Every time I go into town, a hundred fucking times now, I have to deal with some jackass. I call it the Palmer talk-down. Some guy will be snarling at me, and I go over and ask if they have a problem. And they go, 'I think you're an asshole.' I ask them, 'Well, have you ever met me before?' They say no. And I say, 'Well you're a pretty smart fellow then, aren't you?' and walk away. Or I'm really nice and say, 'Why don't you think about something that will improve your life instead,' and just fucking rewind their minds. They're left just sitting there, feeling stupid."

The Shaun Palmer talk-down sounds composed, almost serene. But don't be fooled. "When people fuck with me, like this morning, and I try to be all nice, but it doesn't work, then I get even. I'm a really moody person. Plus I was so fucking drunk for years. Everything I do, I'm just pinned. If I go to a bar, I want to be the best guy at the bar. If I was a rock star, and not into sports and being in shape, I'd be dead by now.

"I have insomnia too. I got so much shit going on all the time, I can't sleep good. When I'm 60, I could be one of those bitter old bastards who steals the kid's ball that goes in my yard. But I'm trying to drink less. At 33, that shit hurts. And maybe I'm smart enough to learn how to be happy, eventually.

"For now though, I'm a bitter person. I got a bad attitude. But I'd like to see someone else be calm and happy and try to do what I've done. Let's fucking see it. Try jumping into five different sports and beating the top guys in their fucking own game. It ain't no pretty fucking task."

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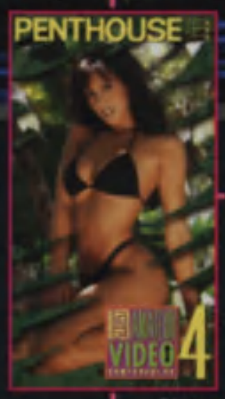

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ARTICLE
BY PETER MANSO
ILLUSTRATION
BY C. F. PAYNE

"The governor is like a brand," says Jesse Ventura's spokesman. "He's his own company." But as Minnesota's outrageous, flamboyant liar-in-chief weighs his political future, is it time to ask if business-celebrity politics is America's future as well?

Ventura, Inc.

It was a beautiful, bright, balmy day last June, and Jesse Ventura had granted a rare round of interviews with the local press jackals to drum up support for his budget proposals in advance of the upcoming election year. The week before, he had made false statements that the then current legislative gridlock over state finances would have a "devastating effect" on Minnesota's economy: Food inspections would end, state troopers would stay home, and, worse, the prisons would go unguarded if the legislature didn't immediately fall in line behind his budget. And on this June day he'd hemmed and hawed all afternoon, getting by on bluster, when, finally, at the tail end of the interview session in the Executive Mansion garden, a local TV reporter, a pint-size female by the name of Kerri Miller, stepped up and made it clear that she wasn't going to listen to any more of his bullshit.

"Why are you on the air, Governor, saying things that you know are going to frighten the public when that is not true?"

"Friday, when I said that, that's what I believed," Ventura snapped at her.

"Governor, I'll ask you, though, why didn't you get the facts straight before you went on the radio and scared people?"

At this point, Ventura had had enough. He stood up and walked off before realizing he was still tied to the reporter's mike, and so was forced to turn back and listen as Miller admonished him: "So the questions get a little tough and you leave? Is that it?" After some confabbing with his communications director, Ventura sat back down, only to start growling anew when Miller brought up a recently published unflattering book about him. Now he demanded to see the reporter's questions before he would go on. Miller refused. So he shifted to demanding that she read them all to him before he'd answer any.

Eventually he caved, and that evening the interview was aired to the delight of many howling Minnesotans, then picked up nationally by Tom Brokaw and CNN's *Inside Politics*. On both fronts the interest was in Ventura the blowhard. The wrestler-turned-people's politician might or might not be running for reelection as governor in November 2002—nobody knew, since Ventura had threatened to move to Kona, Hawaii, and let his hair grow out. But that didn't matter. After three years of bullying, threatening, and posturing his way through one dumb situation after another, Ventura had proved himself a master of style over substance, playing to the local rubes with a kind of spit-in-your-face self-confidence; and by stressing his personality, not programs, he'd been able to pit Democrat against Republican to create a dog-and-pony show that had kept people from asking the essential questions, like "What's beneath the glitz?" The press had been bamboozled as much as the electorate, and as astounding as it may sound, it wasn't until last June's episode in the Executive Mansion garden, when the big man finally blew his cool, that the Fourth Estate began to stir and ask what was at the bottom of one of the great political stories of our time.

"If I wanna be president I probably can be," Ventura had boasted to reporters at the February 1999 National Governors' Conference in Washington, D.C. The occasion was his first out-of-state foray since his upset victory in the fall, and he was still riding high, pumped by the enormous media attention and a 72 percent approval rating. So taken was he by his success that during the same conference he also half-seriously proposed himself as the running mate of presidential-hopeful Texas Governor George W. Bush.

Jesse Ventura for president? Even vice-president? Both those possibilities seemed surreal. Even if the country had come to enjoy—thanks to Kenneth Starr and the Monica Lewinsky scandal—government-as-entertainment, one had to wonder how Ventura had turned electoral approval into such delusions of political grandeur. The easiest explanation was that he had come to believe his own publicity, and failed to see it was his showmanship, not his politics, that had caught the attention of *Time* and *Newsweek*, the television networks, and other national media. But given his many foot-in-the-mouth gaffes and errors of fact even before taking office, it was puzzling that he didn't realize he was being granted an extraordinarily long honeymoon by press and voters alike.

Ventura's free ride had begun as early as the first weeks of his campaign, when as the outsider Reform Party candidate he'd seemed just so much noisy high camp. In a state known for its long winters and placid reticence, bluster and balls were the Ventura trademark. He made much of having been a Navy SEAL, claiming he'd done things in Vietnam that would make the other candidates "wet their pants." He bragged of his career as a wrestler and actor, and, taking his cue from World Wrestling Federation commercialism, he shamelessly marketed his Ventura action dolls by using them in his TV spots to "crush" the "corporate bad guys." (No matter that Ventura had personally enjoyed a $2 million average annual income during the early nineties.) He presented himself as a coalition candidate while also peddling an image that resonated

Hard times for the rich

"You'll have to economize on the caviar, Oscar. It's the only thing I can keep down."

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BY ART CUMINGS

"Maybe the next time you ask for a new salary cap you should be more specific."

with working-class people, particularly young blue-collar men who identified with his macho dramaturgy. And no one seriously questioned his past or his qualifications.

The result was a gubernatorial sweep that left pundits astounded. Yet had anyone bothered to look, what they would have discovered was that for all his braggadocio, Ventura's past was hardly a picture of future success; in earlier years he'd become an old hand at getting himself out of jams by covering up.

Ventura was born James George Janos in 1951 to George and Bernice Janos. George, a decorated World War II veteran, was a maintenance worker in the city of Minneapolis and a community leader in "Swedetown," where the family lived. More than anything, George liked to hold forth, frequently expressing his intense distrust of politicians in blunt, earthy terms; his political opinions and rhetoric strongly shaped young Jim. In the Janos household, Richard Nixon, for example, was "the tailless rat," while JFK was to be shunned because he was a Catholic whose strongest allegiance was to Rome.

Jim Janos became Jesse Ventura in 1975, when he began his wrestling career almost for lack of anything better to do. A knockabout sort of guy, he had trained as a Navy SEAL from 1971 to 1973. After his discharge he headed west to San Diego, where he joined a motorcycle gang called the Mongols and bounced drunks at a local bar. After a year on the West Coast he returned to Minnesota and enrolled at North Hennepin Community College, where he continued to play the role of the menacing biker, roaring around on his Harley wearing a German World War II helmet. For money he turned again to working as a bouncer, now at two local bars, one of which featured noontime lingerie shows. It was there that he met Teresa Masters, a 19-year-old secretary who would become his wife.

After less than a year in college, Ventura dropped out, even though he had decent grades and many of his teachers thought him "smart." He advertised his move into wrestling by telling the student newspaper about his credo, which seems to hold true to this day: "The more people I rile, the more who will pay to see me lose, so the more I'll make myself." Even then, money was a priority: He bleached his long, stringy hair blond, started eating steroids, and adopted a stage name that smacked of California, Surfer Jesse Ventura, later changed to Jesse "The Body" Ventura. Barnstorming the Midwest, he worked hard, even though he got himself into one financial dispute with management after another. In the early 1980s he left the American Wrestling Association and jumped to the rival World Wrestling Federation. Finally, in 1984, blood clots in his lungs forced him to retire.

To fellow wrestlers like Hulk Hogan, with whom he often came in contact, Ventura was more entertaining outside the ring than in, and his crazy pink-boa outfits and irrepressible big mouth soon won him gigs as an announcer for the WWF and football's Tampa Bay Buccaneers. But even as an announcer he had problems. In 1990, his second season with the Buccaneers, his contract was dropped because he missed half his games. A job announcing for the Minnesota Vikings ended after one season, when management learned that Ventura had signed a two-year contract to announce for World Championship Wrestling. Interestingly, while at the WWF he also had often missed production meetings, but WWF owner Vince McMahon gave him "a pass" because of his popularity with the fans; in 1990, however, Ventura was fired when he took $40,000 for the use of his name on a video game that was in direct competition with a WWF video. Loyalty, apparently, was not one of Ventura's strongest virtues. A year later he sued WWF in federal court, seeking royalty payments for the use of his commentary on WWF videos, and was awarded $801,333.

The award, plus another $950,000 he received for working for Ted Turner's World Championship Wrestling after leaving the WWF, made Ventura a wealthy man. He bought a Porsche and a Lexus. He moved his wife and two children into a $400,000 Tudor home built on 16 acres, where he put in a $20,000 swimming pool. As his wife, Terry, began collecting show horses, he returned to the sporadic acting career that had begun with a 1985 appearance on the TV series *Hunter*, followed by stints in action flicks like Arnold Schwarzenegger's *Predator* and *The Running Man*. According to acquaintances, it was at this time that the big man started talking in Hollywood-speak, larding his conversations with references to "percentages," "escalators," and "deals." As undistinguished as his movies were, his Tinseltown connection reenforced his sense of himself as a star entitled to any and all displays of ego.

But Ventura cultivated the persona of "the common man" when he decided, in 1990, to campaign for mayor of Brooklyn Park, Minnesota, a Twin Cities suburb. His motive for running for public office? To prevent the building of a housing development near his gentleman's farm. He vowed to "take on the establishment" and run his campaign as a "war

without guns," but no sooner was he in office than he clashed with council members, once even challenging one of them to "step outside" to settle a dispute. As in his announcing days, his attention to the job was frequently diverted. Busy with Hollywood projects and a new radio talk show, he missed nearly a fifth of Brooklyn Park's City Council meetings.

It was in the summer of 1998 that Ventura was drafted to run for Minnesota's gubernatorial seat by Dean Barkley, a shrewd 48-year-old local attorney whose five percent showing in a run for State Senate had earned the neophyte Reform Party official standing. Despite Ventura's frustrations as mayor, the excitement of holding the state's No. 1 office was irresistible. Mouthing Libertarian mottos that called for less government, he justified having neither a tax plan nor any concrete administrative policies by claiming he would figure out how to govern after he'd won. He promised to return the state's $4 billion tax surplus to the voters while also proposing to fund a Twin Cities mass-transit system, increase the budget for education, legalize prostitution, and decriminalize drugs. The few times the press challenged Ventura on his lack of experience he got testy. "I can do the job. It's not like it's transplanting kidneys," he insisted. Always the spinmeister, he promoted his lack of policy as openness and vowed to terminate the "career politicians" who had sold out to big business.

With no one paying much attention, much less probing the facts behind the image, Ventura, running as an independent, won with 37 percent of the vote. Not surprisingly, given his past as a smooth operator whenever he sniffed money in the air, Ventura's first gubernatorial move was to cash in on his election by parlaying his overnight celebrity into a $500,000 publishing contract for his autobiography. Next he demanded a salary of $25,000 for his wife to cover her "duties" as first lady. Then, the day before the inaugural, VenturaFiles.com announced that Ventura's licensed merchandise—the "Outlaw JesseGear" he had hawked to bankroll his campaign—was headed for J. C. Penney, Mervyn's, and Musicland stores across the country. When Minnesota Public Radio interviewer Gary Eichten questioned the propriety of these profit-making schemes, Ventura bristled. "I'm a capitalist!" he declared. "I've been obsessed with earning a living and working hard my whole life."

Installed in office, the new governor faced issues that had been front-burner during the campaign: the state's education budget, improving mass transit, how to deal with the tax surplus. Ventura's first proposed policy had nothing to do with any of these matters, but with his desire to do away with state licensing fees for—of all things—personal watercraft.

"I have to pay $50 per Wave Runner to the government so they have the ability to bust me?" he groused at legislators. "It's discriminatory. Imagine if we passed a law that charged every person driving a red sports car $50 so we can hire police to give speeding tickets to red sports cars."

For those who elected him, the argument made total sense: Ventura had campaigned on a platform stressing "personal liberties," and now he was putting his money where his mouth was. Or perhaps he was putting his mouth where his money was—since the governor himself was the owner of five of those racy watercraft. But there was another aspect to it. His "me first" political style had always mirrored his belief that because he was inconvenienced by restrictions, other Minnesotans shared his pain, and so next came the gun flap. Eight years earlier Brooklyn Park police had denied him a permit to carry a concealed weapon, but now he had himself issued a hard-to-get carry permit. When asked if he'd be packing heat

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37

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DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

SIC TRANSIT

The updated 17th edition of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* will contain three from former **President Bill Clinton**—and all of them involve denials of illicit sex or drug use: "didn't inhale," "did not have sexual relations with," and "It depends on what the meaning of the word *is* is."

HANDY SEX TIP OF THE MONTH

Janet Jackson, when asked how she handles the problem of a man who is clearly inadequate in the boudoir: "That's when you fake a backache."

WE DON'T UNDERSTAND IT EITHER

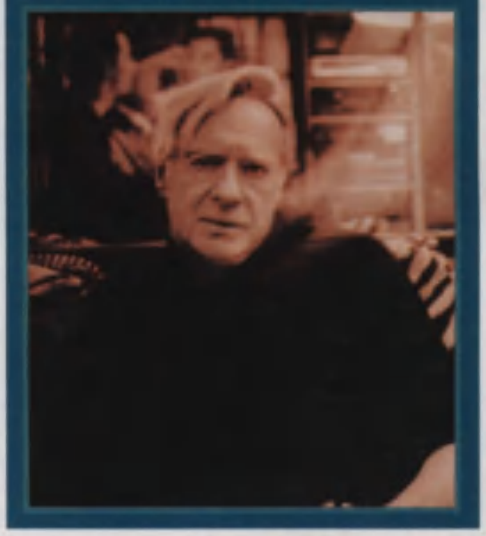
An anonymous male bidder bought a black leather bra-and-panties outfit once worn by Madonna for $13,800 in an Internet auction of celebrity memorabilia, more than ten times the estimated sale price. A rhinestone jumpsuit once worn by Elton John went unsold, having failed to meet its reserve price.

ROSES ARE RED, ETC.

Paul McCartney says he's unconcerned about critical reaction to his pastime of writing poetry. "I can't be bothered with reviews at this stage of my life," he told a literary assemblage at Lincoln Center. "If you don't like it, read my lips: Fuck you."

MEMO TO THE VAL KILMER FAN CLUB

Director **John Frankenheimer** on actor **Val Kilmer:** "He is dreadful. Even if I was shooting *The Val Kilmer Story,* I wouldn't cast him."



DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

GOOD REASON

Russell Crowe, on why he smokes cigarettes: "Because it annoys Hollywood."

THAT CERTAINLY QUALIFIES

Keanu Reeves, citing the most unusual thing that ever happened to him: "Someone on the Internet was offering my spleen for sale."

AH, MEMORIES

Former porno actress **Sharon Mitchell,** reminiscing about the early days of her career: "I remember seeing, for the first time, my genitalia 16-feet high on the silver screen, and thinking, Wow, this is great!"

WORST NEW VIDEO GAME

A Tacoma, Washington, firm offers a video game based on the 1999 riots in Seattle during the conclave of the World Trade Organization. Players earn points by breaking plate-glass windows, assaulting police, and attacking bystanders.

DREAM ON

Actress **Jennifer Lopez** reportedly has at times favored the men in her life by allowing them to apply makeup to her breasts, preparatory to her donning especially revealing outfits.

AMONG MY SOUVENIRS

A New York City collectibles store offers a line of memorabilia that includes a 1986 mug shot of John Gotti ($4,500), a poster from *The Sopranos* TV show signed by the cast ($3,500), and John Dillinger's first arrest record ($30,000) on charges of robbing a grocery store.

OUR LITIGIOUS NATION AT WORK

Two transsexuals fired from their jobs as dancers at a New York nightclub filed a discrimination suit against the management, which had decided to replace them with "real girls." One of the fired queens complained, "What, are we supposed to have a baby while go-go dancing or something?"

WE'LL WAIT FOR THE PAPERBACK

A novel credited to Iraqi dictator **Saddam Hussein** has unsurprisingly become the No. 1 bestseller in that country, but Iraqi citizens are in for even greater doses of the work: The government-run television station is producing a 20-hour miniseries based on the book. An official at the station said it will be the highest-rated program "because of the powerful meanings and thoughts indicated in the novel."

GREAT MOMENTS IN JOURNALISM

In a speech at the convention of the National Society of Newspaper Columnists, **Phil Bronstein,** editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle* and husband of **Sharon Stone,** paid tribute to such late, great columnists as **Jimmy Breslin.** When confronted with shouts of "Breslin's alive!" Bronstein said, "All right, then, Lupica," in reference to columnist **Mike Lupica**—who happens also to be very much alive and working.

MEMO TO BILL GATES

The Vatican announced that it has ruled out hearing confessions over the Internet.

OH, LIGHTEN UP!

The *Wall Street Journal* sent a stern letter to a children's newspaper in Maine, demanding that it stop using the name *Small Street Journal,* accusing it of copyright infringement, and claiming that readers might confuse the two publications. The *SSJ,* published monthly, is aimed strictly at children, includes stories, poems, and drawings by kids in Maine, and is distributed free to schools, libraries, and businesses.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Tonya Harding, the Olympic skater charged in a plot to cripple a rival, has, as reported in the *Las Vegas Sun,* had her breasts surgically enhanced and is planning to star in a topless version of the *Ice Capades* at a Las Vegas casino.

ONLINE Humor

GOLDEN NUGGETS FROM THE INTERNET • EDITED BY TONINA

SIGNS ON BATHROOM WALLS

FRIENDS DON'T LET FRIENDS TAKE HOME UGLY WOMEN
—Men's restroom, Dewey Beach, Delaware

REMEMBER, IT'S NOT "HOW HIGH ARE YOU?" IT'S "HI, HOW ARE YOU?"
—Rest stop off Route 81, West Virginia

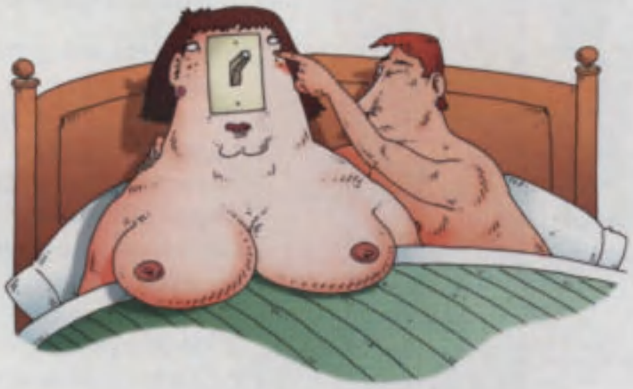
NO MATTER HOW GOOD SHE LOOKS, SOME OTHER GUY IS SICK AND TIRED OF PUTTING UP WITH HER SHIT
—Men's room, Chicago

EXPRESS LANE: FIVE BEERS OR LESS
—Sign over a urinal, Golden, Colorado

NO WONDER YOU ALWAYS GO HOME ALONE
—Sign over mirror in men's room, Beverly Hills, California

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING UP ON THE WALL FOR? THE JOKE IS IN YOUR HANDS
—Men's room, Little Dix Bay, British Virgin Islands

BEAUTY IS ONLY A LIGHT SWITCH AWAY
—Library bathroom, Durham, North Carolina



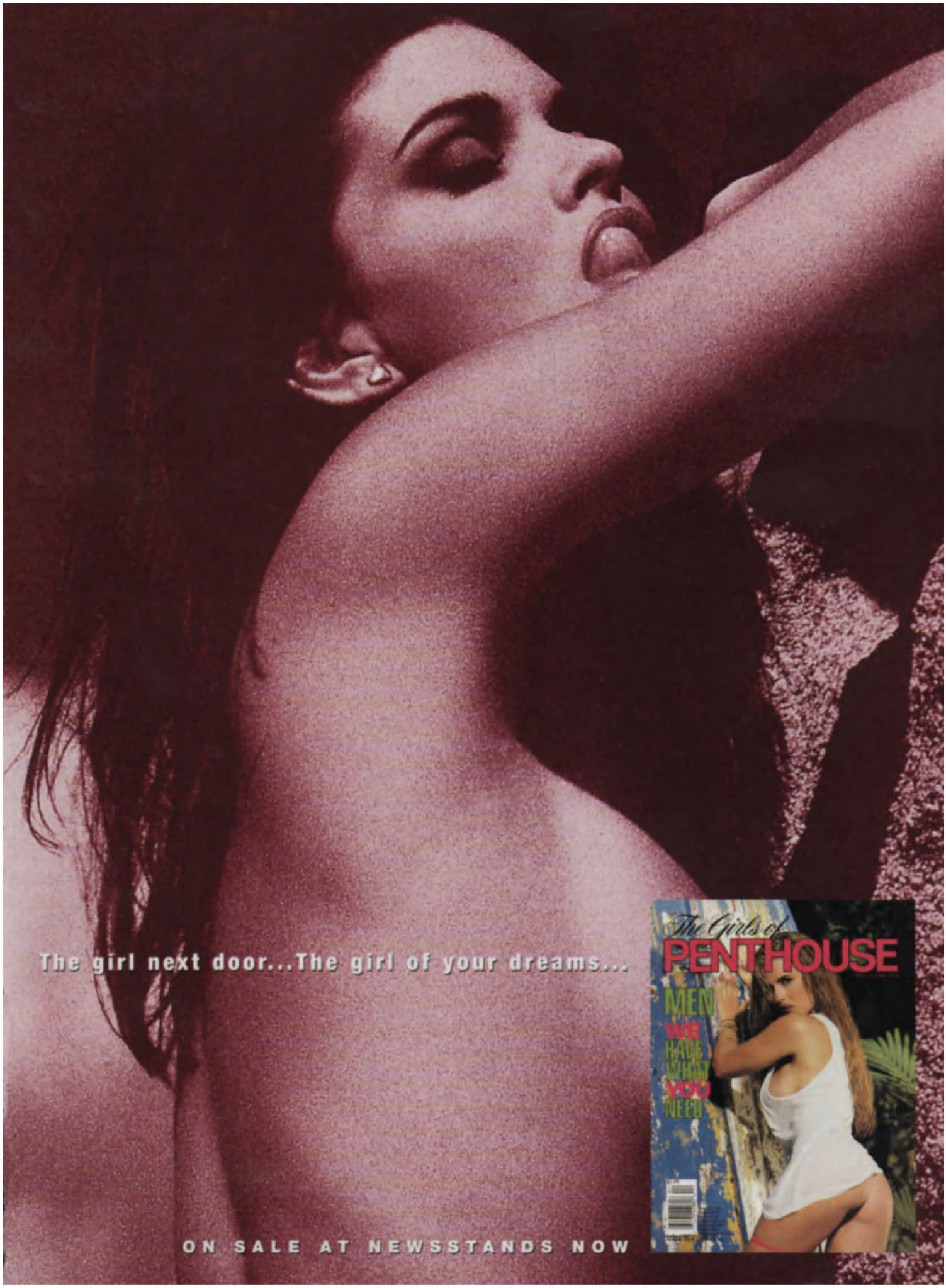
GENERIC VIAGRA

In pharmacology all drugs have a generic name. Tylenol is acetaminophen, Advil is ibuprofen, Rogaine is minoxodil, and so on.
The FDA has announced today that the generic name for Viagra is mycoxafloppin.

THE PERFECT WOMAN WOULD SAY ...

1. I'll swallow it all.... I love the taste.
2. Are you sure you've had enough to drink?
3. I'm bored. Let's shave my pussy!
4. Why don't we get a good porno movie, a case of beer, a few joints, and have my girlfriend over for a threesome?
5. Would you like to watch me go down on my girlfriend?
6. I know it's a lot tighter back there, but would you please try again?

7. I make enough money for the both of us; why don't you retire?
8. I'd rather watch football and drink beer with you than go shopping.
9. Let's subscribe to Penthouse.
10. Not the fucking mall again; come on, let's go to that new strip joint.
11. Shouldn't you be down at the bar with your buddies?
12. That was a great fart! Do another one!
13. I've decided to stop wearing clothes around the house.
14. If I don't get to blow you soon, I swear I'm gonna bust!
15. I signed up for yoga so that I can get my ankles behind my head for you.


The girl next door...The girl of your dreams...
The Girls of
PENTHOUSE
MEN
WE
HAVE
WHAT
YOU
NEED
ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

SPORTINGAMERICA

By Jonathan Davis and Michael-Ann Rowe

Sacramento Kings power forward Chris Webber: "I met President Clinton at a game, and he remembered the first time we'd met. I was very surprised and impressed."

Is there one NBA arena where you know you're going to get an earful from the fans every time you play?

Golden State, because I was there and left. They've dressed up in diapers to try to get to me. There's a bunch of guys who sit in the front row and get on me all the time, but it doesn't bother me. I think that's why I always play well against Golden State.

Who is the best trash talker?

Gary Payton. He talks all game, all day long. He never shuts up. The guy is never tired, never sleepy. He talks junk when he gets on the bus, when he gets off the bus. He'll leave messages on your answering machine.

What went through your mind when you played in your first NBA game?

I almost went to the bathroom on myself. I had that sickening feeling in my stomach. I remember hearing the national anthem, the jump ball, just staring at Hakeem [Olajuwon] for the first two plays and not doing a thing. I couldn't tell you if we won or lost.

Does being a psychology major help you get into the opponent's head?

I think it assists me in the art of trash talking. To me, trash talking is not about showing how tough or good you are. Trash talking could be as simple as saying, "You haven't shot the ball for a long time. What's wrong with your coach? Doesn't he trust you to shoot the ball?" You just want to do or say things to help break their concentration.

Any food weaknesses?

Flaming-hot Chee-tos with hot sauce. It's just way too many carbs.

What do you remember most about your first girlfriend?

That I messed up the relationship. I was cheating on her and got caught. She still won't take a phone call from me.

How close were you to leaving Sacramento as a free agent last summer?

I was very close to leaving. I had really thought about going to Indiana, San Antonio, or New York. I realized that the grass is not always greener, so that's what kept me from leaving. I felt I had built up somewhat of a legacy here in Sacramento, and hopefully we can win that championship very soon. I did feel that I could get to the championship quicker if I went to a team in the Eastern Conference. But I know that I can win a championship in Sacramento before I can win one somewhere else.

Tell us about your best and worst moments having to face Michael Jordan.

The best was when I was playing for Washington and we took the Bulls to a fifth and deciding game with the chance to knock them out of the play-offs. My worst moment [was in] that fifth game, when Michael hit 54 points to knock us out of the play-offs and show us what a truly great basketball player he was—and still is.

What was your most awkward situation?

Having to tell Indiana Pacers coach Isiah Thomas I was not going to take their offer to join the Pacers and had decided to stay in Sacramento. I met Isiah when I was 13 years old. He's been a mentor for me. The guy has given me advice throughout my college and NBA career. He's a true friend. Having to make that call was one of the toughest things I've ever had to do.

What was your worst dating experience?

I went to the prom with this very pretty girl who was a total bitch the entire evening. She didn't want to dance. She didn't want to eat. All she wanted to do was sit in the corner and look pretty like she was posing for a magazine. The prom was about half over when I said to her, "Why don't I just take you home?" So I dropped her off and went to watch *House Party* at the drive-in with my boys.

Who's nailed you with a good pick during a game?

I remember [Charles] Barkley in my rookie year really laying me out. I knew this was something he did to all rookies. I remember he got Jason [Williams] with a good one. Barkley just wanted to let the both of us know that he was the vet and we had to earn our way into the league.

Who was the most surprising person to recognize you?

It was Bill Clinton. I met him back when he was governor. I was 14, playing in this AAU game with Grant Hill. Then, three years ago, when I was playing for Washington, I met President Clinton at a game, and he remembered the first time we'd met. I was very surprised and impressed.

What is your most prized possession?

A postcard from Malcolm X that I obtained through Alex Haley.

What was the best rookie initiation you've ever seen?

We had this rookie on our team last year, Jabari Smith. The rookies don't make as much as other guys. We like to help them out, but they have to do something for it. We had all the guys chip in $7,000, and we gave him a mohawk on the plane before our next

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

VENTURA, INC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

inside the state capitol, he snapped, "That's my private business!"

Ventura fans found such snappy comebacks refreshingly hip after decades of dry, colorless Midwest politicians. But others believed that the hulking, alpha-voiced governor's "me first" approach might be leading to some serious problems. Nowhere was this possibility more apparent than in the 25 cabinet appointments he'd completed by early March: There was not one black man or one woman among them.

Sensing a groundswell of criticism from the press, faint and amorphous though it was, the governor's advisers tried to rein him in, and as they did so it appeared that there was now a second Jesse, one who was being "handled" to prevent further embarrassments. Indeed, his State of the State address on March 2, 1999, was remarkable for its uncharacteristic restraint: Ventura showed up in a suit and refrained from attacking his critics. Instead, in clear, measured tones, he advocated spending hundreds of millions of dollars from the state's budget surplus on public schools, health care, medical research, mass transit, and farm relief. He also presented his proposed tax cuts. But in contrast to his campaign promises, middle-class families earning between $50,000 and $75,000 would now see the biggest drop in their tax bill, about 11.2 percent. Those with an income of less than $30,000—a total of more than 800,000 Minnesotans—would gain less than $50 a year. If this put to rest any lingering hopes about the governor's commitment to the have-nots, it made even the conservatives unhappy, since all along they had assumed that Ventura's Libertarian cries meant tax cuts that would go deeper.

Aside from his repeal of snowmobile track studs and Wave Runner registration tags, little had actually been accomplished in Ventura's first 100 days, and for all his firebrand rhetoric, his actual policy proposals had been blandly centrist. Still, he seemed to have taken literally his exhortation to "invest in what you can do for yourself." Back in January he had staged a huge inaugural celebration, selling 13,800 tickets to the public at $10 to $20 each, and had also solicited contributions to pay for the blowout party afterwards; then, in February, his treasurer announced that the names of these donors would not be disclosed. There was nothing illegal about this, since Minnesota had no reporting requirements for inaugural events, but to not report the names could only invite criticism.

Although the Ventura camp was able to stonewall on *those* names, by law it had to disclose the contributors to the governor's transition committee, and this prompted even greater alarm in other circles. Dozens of businesses had contributed $2,000 each, the legal limit; among them were U.S. Bancorp, Minnegasco, Northern States Power, Northwest Airlines, General Mills, and two railroads. Several insurance companies had ponied up a total of $23,500, and Ventura had meanwhile chosen a vice-president of one of their HMOs to head the state Health Department.

Adding to these questionable wheelings and dealings was Jesse's next adventure: a trip to Hollywood over Oscar weekend. Traveling with his press spokesman and members of the Minnesota Film Board, the onetime actor called the three-day trip a "trade mission" and promised to twist arms on behalf of Minnesota filmmakers. "I'll be in Sean Penn's ear. Maybe even a hammerlock," he said. "I have ways of persuading other than being diplomatic, and Hollywood knows that."

Once amidst the palms of sunny Los Angeles, Ventura seemed truly in his element, gadding about in a chauffeured car, costumed in a Hopalong Cassidy fringed leather jacket and tooled white snakeskin cowboy boots. He took the opportunity to tell reporters that his autobiography was due out in June and that nobody had "bought the screen rights yet." Then, before flying home, he made a point of dropping in on his agent and business manager, Barry Bloom, who was up to his eyebrows with more book deals as well as opening the way for a rock musical and something called the XFL.

The governor's next idiocy was prompted when the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* ran an exposé of academic fraud at the University of Minnesota. A former university employee had admitted that she wrote papers and forged take-home exams for at least 20 of the university's basketball players, including four of the best hoopsters who were about to take part in an important NCAA tournament. The four were immediately suspended and the university lost its play-off round, but what bothered the governor was not the alleged cheating; instead, he fumed that the newspaper had timed the story deliberately to force the players out of the game. Then he came up with a proposal that made a mockery of the state's education system: College athletes, he suggested, should not be compelled to take academic courses but simply be allowed to play and compete. After all, he said, "How many great athletes simply aren't smart?"

One presumed that this was a rhetorical question and that for once he knew whereof he spoke. Minnesotans finally seemed to get the joke. Their governor's gaffes were so over-the-top that constituents began to register their public disapproval. "Is anyone collecting Venturaisms?" one citizen wrote to the *Minneapolis Star-Tribune*. "I'm appalled that Minnesota is becoming the bumpkin state," commented another. Soon someone let loose with a cream pie to protest Ventura's proposed budget cuts in state funding for the arts. Ventura, who had laughed himself silly over the recent "pieing" of San Francisco's sartorially perfect Mayor Willie Brown, demanded nearly $1.4 million to boost his security detail and put guards at his horse ranch. When the *Star-Tribune* conducted a poll as to whether or not the request was legitimate, one reader, pointing out that the additional security guards represented a ninefold increase in what had been provided previous governors, remarked, "Maybe they'll protect us from Jesse?"

> "So the questions get a little tough and you leave? Is that it?" the reporter admonished Ventura. Jesse sat back down.

Though a columnist at the *Star-Tribune* wrote that Ventura was "a man of disarming candor," two of that newspaper's younger reporters decided the governor's lack of candor about his military service had to be investigated, particularly his vague references to having been "in the combat zone" of Vietnam. In the course of a two-month probe they ascertained that from March 1971 to December 1973 Ventura had indeed been assigned to a SEALs underwater-demolition-team unit based in Subic Bay in the Philippines—where he earned a reputation for breaking rules and enjoying what he himself has called "the most wild, happiest, and carefree" months of his life—barhopping with the local girls, sometimes brawling, even getting himself thrown briefly into the brig for missing curfew.

As for Vietnam, the reporters con-

firmed that he had received a Vietnam Service Medal, an award about which he had often bragged during his campaign. That fact, however, revealed little about what Ventura had actually done there since about *eight million* such medals had been given out to members of the armed services for spending at least one day in Vietnam, Thailand, Laos, Cambodia, or in nearby airspace and waters. Several members of Ventura's outfit, UDT12, recalled that their unit had conducted a few reconnaissance missions, but that their overall assignment was only for the purpose of charting coastal waters as their Navy vessel cruised offshore. According to the recollections of ten or so sources, there had been no engagement with the enemy, and on the basis of available records it appeared unlikely that Ventura had ever actually set foot on Vietnamese soil, much less undergone the horrors of combat that he often implied.

Ventura was asked to clarify his Vietnam War record and confirm that as a SEAL he actually had seen no combat. At first he repeated his usual response: "What I did there is between me and the man upstairs." Pressed to go further, he railed against the newspaper reporters as "pukes," and then said, "I did my job." When he again refused to elaborate, he was asked if he was lying about Vietnam. "No, I'm not," he stated, "because I have the medal." Reminded that millions of other servicemen did too, Ventura shot back, "I was honorably discharged and I did what I was asked to do—and yet they seem to want to say that I should have done more."

So why was the newspaper attacking him, suggesting that he was a phony? The governor had a simple answer: "Because the press today cannot let a hero rise up."

The *Star Tribune*'s disclosure of the way Ventura had been hyping his military record had in fact been written in the mildest terms, and when the exposé appeared, there was, ironically, only a small buzz, then silence. In New York, L.A., or Chicago, the headlines would have screamed, VENTURA LIES ABOUT VIETNAM SERVICE. Not so in Minneapolis. Not in the home of "Minnesota Nice."

Yet it was more than just Minnesota Nice that had gotten Ventura elected, and the reasons why must be carefully considered. With the exception of the chronic plight of the farmers, Minnesota had for years been riding a wave of economic prosperity, thanks to its booming biotechnology, banking, and computer industries. Statewide, unemployment stood at 2.4 percent. So, confronted with the Jesse Ventura candidacy, voters had been generous. How much harm could the guy do? Whatever his flaws, wouldn't a governorship under Ventura at least enliven the long, dead winters?

Ventura's opponents had not accurately gauged the degree to which Minnesotans, especially those in the prosperous Twin Cities area, had felt resentful of the fact that, traditionally, their state is looked upon as little more than a flyover, a backwater nothing—a situation that translated into the idea that Ventura might be their pipeline to the world of glitz that the ex-Hollywood actor, with his talk of Arnold this and Donald Trump that, had so often promised to bring back home to them. There was the echo of George Murphy, Clint Eastwood, and Sonny Bono here—the notion of government by celebrity.

After signing a $500,000 book contract, Ventura demanded that his wife get a $25,000 salary for her "duties" as first lady.

Ventura's supporters, according to exit polls, were young, upwardly mobile, predominantly white, under the age of 40, and living in working-class exurbs within a 75-mile radius of downtown Minneapolis. Most fell into the $30,000 to $100,000 earnings bracket, and no longer bespoke the values and attitudes of the agrarian Midwest; theirs was a world of ranch houses, two-car garages, snowmobiles, and a deep longing to be *elsewhere*. To this new class of upstarts, Jesse was an icon. Many had never bothered to register to vote before—like Ventura himself, who since 1992 had voted in only four of 19 elections—but on election day Ventura's brash class resentment brought them out in droves, with 15 percent registering to vote on the spot.

To Garrison Keillor, native-son writer and creator of the popular *A Prairie Home Companion* radio series, then in its 25th season, the governor was no heroic icon. Noting the age of most of Ventura's supporters, Keillor suggested that the protest candidate had won the election because he offered a "chance to throw toilet paper in the trees and piss off Dad." Keillor then published a spoof autobiography, *Me: By Jimmy (Big Boy) Valente*, which lampooned the wrestler-turned-governor as a "great big honking bullet-headed shovel-faced mutha who talks in a steroid growl."

Ventura, like Dad, was royally pissed, although he seemed more angry that the book might cut into the sales of his own forthcoming autobiography than at the farcical portrait Keillor had drawn. Keillor, he charged, was "cheating" him, just as he was being cheated by all the illegal T-shirts, the unauthorized TV movie being made by NBC, and other commercial ventures that traded on his image. In due course the governor wished Keillor luck, but then once again used his office to take revenge. In his usual "Don't get mad, get very mad and very even" style, he vowed to chop state funding for Minnesota's public radio, MPR, widely recognized as one of the best National Public Radio affiliates in the country and home to Keillor's *Prairie Home Companion*.

This was a cultural clash if ever there were one: Keillor's continued parodies helped cut Ventura's approval rating from 72 percent to 57 percent. Even so, by the end of his first year in office Ventura remained a highly popular figure because the state's budget surplus and continuing prosperity had dealt him a hand that was hard to screw up.

But the gaffes continued. And people slowly began to notice that perhaps, against all odds, Ventura was screwing things up:

- In February 2000, Ventura, whose rise had stirred hopes of a third-party renaissance in the United States, quit the faction-ridden national Reform Party, calling it "hopelessly dysfunctional." He dismissed Pat Buchanan as "a reactionary." Donald Trump was now Ventura's candidate for president.
- In June 2000, while on another trip to L.A., he joined the cast of *The Young and the Restless*, his favorite soap opera. The cameo allowed Ventura to fuse his political and celebrity roles in a way only Hollywood could appreciate, since he played himself, growl and all. While in California he also found time to golf with Clint Eastwood, have dinner with director Oliver Stone, and the next evening dine with Maria Shriver and old pal Arnold Schwarzenegger.
- Later that year, in November, defending himself against the perception that he was neglecting his official duties to line his pockets with personal projects, Ventura announced that he was two entities, not one: the governor and the commercial figure, "Jesse the Body." Critics of Ventura's moneymaking activities—focusing on an announcement he'd made on November 16 that he was going to be the color commentator of the new XFL league—argued that Ven-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

VICTORIA & EVE

Is it a sin to long for domination? To yearn for the tug of a leash around your neck, for the smell of leather and metal to excite your senses? Eve wondered about this in the darkness of the blindfold that Victoria had tied around her eyes. Her conclusion was simple: If all these things that felt so wonderful—the taste of another woman's pussy, the smell of her skin, the roundness of her breasts—were considered sinful, then Eve wanted to go to the dark side. She didn't care what the consequences might be. This evening with Victoria would be heavenly—a night of pure ecstasy—and Eve felt her juices already flowing. She quivered with excitement as Victoria got closer. She was confident and beautiful. A vision of sheer perfection. How could anyone deny them what they both wanted?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT GORDON

Their tongues melted together for their first kiss. It was warm and wet, a hint of what their lower lips would taste like. Victoria loved being in charge, and kept the pace slow to build Eve's desire.

Victoria sat herself down as if she were on a throne. A gentle mistress she was, kindly asking in a soft voice to be rubbed and caressed as she gently played with herself.

For each pleasure that Victoria received, she rewarded her lover tenfold. Eve was entranced the moment Victoria's tongue caressed her clit, and she moaned aloud when she felt fingers slip into her hole.

For Eve, the incredible sensation of a woman's tongue lapping incessantly against and around her sex stirred her to one glorious climax after another. At the moment there was nothing that seemed to be any better.

But Victoria knew that after the gentle touches of a woman, something long, thick, and hard is always needed to complete a lover's frenzy. And, indeed, she had something ready as soon as her dear Eve cried out for it.

Eve was dazed after her writhing climax. It was the kind of orgasm that leaves a woman feeling as if she's gone mad, and the only thing that can right the situation is to make one's lover feel the same. That, of course, had been Victoria's plan all along.

Candye Kane is one motivated mama. She's been a porn star, stripper, blues diva, and feminist bisexual. Now she's ready to join the rock and blues pantheon.

BIG WOMAN!

By Jim DeRogatis

CANDYE KANE is accustome

LeaningRoseLange.com

to seeing a string of intriguing adjectives linked to her name. "I'm the 'former porn star, stripper, blues diva, fat activist, feminist bisexual,'" she says proudly. The one modifier that she had some trepidations about adding? "I didn't know if 'Tupperware lady' might be a little too radical," she says with a hearty laugh. But she dis-

covered that peddling plasticware while singing for housewives is a good way to earn a few extra bucks between gigs, so we might as well tack that one on too.

Kane is clearly one motivated mama, and her climb to cult fandom has been inspirational. Born and raised in East Los Angeles, she was a precocious kid who first caught the showbiz bug while organizing neighborhood variety shows. She dreamed of being a singer, but got sidetracked in high school when she fell in with a Hispanic gang and wound up a teenage welfare mom. That got her excommunicated from the Mormon Church, but she'd never really fit in there anyway; she says she only joined because it provided an outlet for her singing. She would belt out hymns for the faithful on Sunday afternoons and croon doo-wop oldies for the *chulos* on the street corner at night, displaying the broad range of her appeal right from the start.

Candye's first brush with fame came from displaying her ample charms in specialized men's magazines like *Juggs* and *Plumpers and Big Women*, as well as in a handful of porn films. Adult entertainment helped her support her son and provided the money to form a band and record some demos; it also did wonders for her body image. For the first time, Kane realized that fat women can be beautiful and desirable (something Renaissance painters like Rubens knew back in the day), and this has become a recurring theme in her work. "You need a great big woman / You need a queen-size woman / You need a big-butt woman / You need a well-rounded woman / You need a great big woman to show you how to love," she roars on the opening track of *Diva la Grande*, her masterful 1997 jump-blues album.

LovingYouLarge.com

"I'm contemporary in my delivery and blatant about my bisexuality, but ... I'm just a different version of a proud and raunchy tradition."

The fat-rights movement sprang up in America in the 1970s, when the National Association to Advance Fat Acceptance started to petition airlines to make the seats wider and boycotted TV shows that consistently put down fat people (the one group that's still fair game in our current politically correct times). Recently, a new wave of sassy, sex-positive activists writing for such publications as *Fat!So?* and *Fat Girl* ("a zine for fat dykes and the women who want them") has emerged with a proud, celebratory message. As Kane summarizes it in song, "You've got to love your body, love yourself, and love everyone else's body, too, if you get the chance!"

This is a message that rock 'n' roll needs to hear. Throughout the history of rock, plus-size performers have suffered some awful indignities. The pre–stomach stapling Carnie Wilson of pop trio Wilson Phillips and the raven-haired Ann Wilson of the female-fronted rock band Heart were forced to hide behind long flowing robes, winter coats, and opaque veils while their thinner sisters romped through their videos in bikinis. Martha Wash, the rotund R&B diva who powered hits by the C+C Music Factory, was replaced altogether in that group's clips by a model who didn't sing. Kane, with a powerhouse voice that ranges from a gritty growl on the raunchier rockers to sweeter-than-pecan-pie on the ballads, refuses to be ignored—or to cover up. At gigs, she's been known to play the piano with her bodacious boobs.

"I think I've formed my own niche," she says, "my own quirky little audience of bisexuals and fat women and men who like fat women and porn fans and rockabilly fans and feminists and lesbians and bikers—different weird people who feel disenfranchised, who can relate to someone in their lives who is disenfranchised, or who just want to see how big my boobs are. They're all there for different reasons, and I just try to deliver a sound musical experience that they're going to like. I do my own fair share of soapboxing, but when I sing 'You need a great big woman to show you how to love' or 'I'm 200 pounds of fun / There's enough for everyone,' it's a positive affirmation. I feel empowered by singing those songs and empowered by others' reactions to them. It's a wonderful free therapy session."

Kane started her recording career in typical do-it-yourself fashion, inspired by punk-scene friends like Los Lobos, Social Distortion, and the Blasters (whose Dave Alvin produced Kane's *Diva la Grande*). "She's a dangerous woman, Candye Kane, and I love her ... whether she's singing or selling ice-cube trays," says Susan Antone, who runs the famous Antone's Nightclub in Austin, Texas. In the mid-nineties, Susan convinced her brother Clifford to sign Kane to his label, Antone's Records. "The first time I encountered her she'd just sent me a tape, and I went, 'Wow, who is this girl?' " Susan says. "I think she appeals to people because she has such a big heart, and because of the way she sees the world. She makes people have fun. She's got this racy side to her—but it's all done with such an incredible heart that people totally fall in love with her."

Candye left Antone's Records and signed to Sire for 1998's *Swango*, one of the better efforts produced during this country's short-lived swing revival. But though she was a personal favorite of then–label head Seymour Stein, the man who signed Madonna, her experience at Sire was disappointing. "They wanted to clean me up," she says. "It's what major labels do. They buy into what is easily packaged and what's going to be easiest for them to market, and it doesn't have anything to do with originality or art.

"I think the music industry is just as seedy and heinous as the porn industry," Kane says. "The main difference to me is that in the porn industry they're very up-front about the fact that if you gain weight or you don't do exactly what they want, they'll get somebody else who will. In the music industry, they won't tell you why they're getting rid of you, and then a year later somebody else will be doing exactly what you were doing, only they're younger and thinner."

Now Kane is back in the indie ranks, recording for the Bullseye Blues & Jazz label. Her latest release, *The Toughest Girl Alive*, finds her channeling her inner Etta James on a quirky mix of country-blues, swing, gospel, and fifties ballads. The emaciated young waifs who populate MTV would kill to have a voice half as potent as her barn-burnin' wail. But while she's resigned to the fact that some narrow-minded fat-phobics will always dismiss her as a novelty act, she knows exactly where she fits in the rock and blues pantheon: "I'd like to be recognized in the same way as the women I admire: Bessie Smith, Billie Holiday, Dinah Washington, Lucille Bogan, Julia Lee. Bogan wrote 'Shave 'em Dry,' and Lee did 'Snatch and Grab It.' They were nasty—and I've never understood how the blues purists don't see how I fit into that. Maybe I'm a bit more contemporary in my delivery and more blatant about my bisexuality, but people can talk about sexual issues now that they didn't talk about in the forties. I'm just a different version of a proud and raunchy tradition."

RIBALD RIMES

Our continuing compilation
of today's wittiest and lewdest limericks

Illustrated by David Miller

There is a young waitress named June
who works at the local saloon.
If you think that her beer
tastes a bit queer,
just wait till you sample her poon.
—Submitted by Ethan Roeder

There was a young woman quite fair
with a touch of light gold in her hair.
It was not the shampoo
that topped off her 'do,
but a lover with semen to spare.
—Submitted by Ethan Roeder

Said a fat little lady named Rose,
"I'm unable to see my own toes,
but if I were more thin
and you stuck it right in,
I still wouldn't see where it goes!"
—Submitted by Bob Birch

Said astronaut George McCavity,
"Try fucking in zero gravity.
It's rather amusing,
though often confusing,
and leads to some wondrous depravity."
—Submitted by Walt Hopmans

Original limericks can be submitted to "Ribald Rimes," c/o *Penthouse*, 11 Penn Plaza, Twelfth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10001, or via the *Penthouse* Website, www.penthouse.com. You must certify that your limericks are your own original compositions, not copyrighted, and never published anywhere. We'll publish our favorites in upcoming issues, and winners will receive a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse*.

TECHNOMANIA

High-tech tools for the 21st century

By Ken Sander

Photos Robert Lorenz

Now you can watch TV or DVDs at your desk with style. Panasonic's new TC-11LV1 is a sleek-looking desktop/table-top LCD television with a built-in progressive-scan DVD player and two speakers. It features a 181-channel tuner, superbright LCD screen with sharp 854 x 480 pixel images, an 11-inch screen with 16:9 aspect ratio, and a Dolby Digital Surround decoder, so you'll really think you're at the movies. What's more, you can play your CDs on it. For more info, go to www.panasonic.com.

On the road again? Then you need the new Sony Digital Relay. The CRX10U/A2 is a portable, battery-operated CD burner. You can use it to record digital images, back up your system, even create an 11-hour MP3 music CD. The device features a USB interface, 4x maximum CD-RW recording, 6x maximum CD-ROM reading, wired remote control, and LCD display. When you unplug the unit from your PC or Mac, you'll have a portable CD player that can also play CD-ROMs with MP3 files. Surf on over to www.sony.com for more details.

One for all and all for one. Go-Video's DVR4000 combination VCR and DVD player lets you watch a DVD or listen to your favorite CD and record a TV show at the same time. A real space saver, the DVR4000 plays DVDs, videos, CDs, and Super Video CDs. You can copy non-copy protected DVDs to the VHS VCR at the touch of a button. This four-head hi-fi stereo VCR has Complete Program Record, a feature that anticipates the end of the tape and slows it down to ensure that the entire program is recorded. Dolby Digital and DTS Digital Output assure superior sound. Go-Video at www.sensoryscience.com.

FORUM

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throbbing cock. It was a fantasy turned reality for me. They moved down on the bed and together took turns licking my cock and gently sucking the swollen head. When they paused and shared a warm, passionate kiss together, I knew that the evening was going to become even more exciting.

With her back to me, Salena sat down on my cock and leaned backward. Cupping her tits in my hands, I slowly fucked her. I nearly blew my wad when Danielle, kneeling in front of us, brought her mouth to Salena's pussy. It was incredibly exciting to hear Salena cry out to Danielle to suck her clit. It wasn't long before Salena climaxed. I felt the warmth of her happiness surrounding my cock. The two girls then changed places, Danielle taking the same position on my cock with her back to me. I squeezed her big, beautiful tits and slowly fucked her juicy pussy. Now it was Salena's turn to hungrily lick and suck on Danielle's clit. I saw the excitement and enjoyment in my wife's eyes at her first taste of another woman.

I couldn't help but find it ironic. While I was the one who had been wild to taste these two gorgeous pussies, Danielle and Salena had already beat me to it. Danielle cried out that she was coming, and I felt her juices running down my cock. Salena licked Danielle's juice from my balls, then Danielle lifted herself off my cock, turned 180 degrees around, and straddled my face with her pussy. I hungrily sucked her succulent pussy. Salena took my cock into her warm, moist mouth and sucked me off while I sucked Danielle's pussy. Danielle and I reached a heated orgasm at the same time. She filled my mouth with her hot come juice as I released my load deep inside Salena's throat.

Neither of them was going to wait for me to recuperate. Salena reached into the nightstand and pulled out a brand new double-headed dildo. Salena propped a pillow beneath Danielle's ass and slowly pressed one end of the dildo into Danielle's pussy. Salena sat down in front of Danielle so that their pussies faced each other. Salena placed her legs over Danielle's and propped a pillow beneath her own ass. She pressed the free end of the dildo into her pussy hole and slowly moved forward until she had it deep inside her. Their pussies were only centimeters from each other. Salena and Danielle pushed up on their elbows and began to slowly fuck themselves on the dildo. I grabbed my cock and stroked it back to life as I took in the beautiful and exciting sights and sounds of this double-dildo fucking. The pace of their fucking intensified, and Salena and Danielle matched one another in perfect rhythm. I couldn't help but wonder if they'd done this together before. Salena cried out to me to stroke their clits. I reached down and vigorously massaged their stiff little hard-ons with my fingertips. The fucking scene became even wilder. Together they filled the room with cries of ecstasy as they reached orgasm.

I pulled Salena off the dildo, put her on her knees, and mounted her from behind. I fucked my wife as hard as I can ever remember fucking her before. The headboard slammed against the wall each time I thrust my cock into her pussy. She cried out her joy each time I touched her deep inside until she reached orgasm. Then I pulled out, mounted Danielle, and fucked *her* juicy pussy from behind. "Put your cock in my ass," Danielle cried out to me. "Fuck me in the ass." I pulled my cock from Danielle's pussy and pressed its head against the puckered opening to her bottom. I slowly pushed it deep inside. I fucked her beautiful, tight ass, and Danielle moaned with each thrust. Salena reached beneath Danielle and rubbed her friend's clit. Soon the combination of Salena's fingers at her clit and my cock in her ass sent Danielle overboard. As she reached a shuddering orgasm, my balls exploded and I shot a load of cream deep inside Danielle.

After we showered together, we returned to the bedroom and continued our incredible Valentine's threesome. The rest of the night was filled with beautiful scenes of Salena and Danielle sixty-nining and me sucking and fucking their beautiful, delicious pussies. The wonderful Valentine's gift continued throughout the next day. It was indeed a Valentine's Day all three of us will not soon forget.—*E.T. and S.T., Minnesota*

Sex Shop

When I read the "Forum" letter "Mrs. Ordinary Housewife" [May 2001], it made me want to share with other readers a recent adventure I'd had.

It was midweek, my husband was out of town on a three-week sales swing, and I was taking a day off from work. I wanted to jazz up my work wardrobe, so I headed for a trendy boutique at the mall in search of some silk blouses.

As I was riffling through some outfits on a rack, a young Latina woman asked if she could help me find anything. She couldn't have been more than 22, and was petite and striking. She wore a white scoop-neck T-shirt, tight-fitting jeans, and black-toed sling-backs with four-inch spikes. Her black hair was closely cropped, almost boyish, but she

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"Safe sex? Are you nuts? We're on death row!"

VENTURA, INC.

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tura was trading on his stature as governor, basically abusing the public trust. Minnesota Senate majority leader Roger Moe asked the state attorney general's office for an opinion as to whether Minnesota's ethics code applied to Ventura's moonlighting. The state legislature passed a bill prohibiting Jesse from taking any more second jobs, then enacted another bill requiring the governor to disclose his pay from outside jobs—something he had steadfastly refused to do in the past. Ventura's press spokesman countered by saying, "The governor is like a brand—he's his own company." Estimates of Ventura's potential earnings from his XFL gig ran from $250,000 to $1 million; sales of his book, *The Body Ventura*, were said to have brought in upward of $1 million. Add another $1 million or so for his 1999 guest-referee appearance on *SummerSlam*, a WWF pay-per-view cable broadcast from the Target Center in Minneapolis, and his total take, over and above his $120,000 salary as governor, would come to an estimated $1.7 million to $3 million since taking office.

• In February 2001, Ventura the capitalist turned his back on one of his most oft-repeated campaign pledges when he attempted to eliminate the General College program at the University of Minnesota, claiming that student needs could be met by the state-college and community-college system. Students at America's third largest university gave him the thumbs-down. "Jesse doesn't seem to respect the people who voted for him," said one.

• In March, Ventura claimed that "most of your professors" in the state-college system "get paid more than I do ... plenty get paid *triple* what I do." This was abject idiocy, of course, but upset at what he considered excessive teacher contract settlements, Ventura instructed the legislature to classify teachers as "essential employees" under state law and take away their right to strike. The governor's budget proposal, which he'd announced two months earlier, limited growth not just in higher education but also in K–12 budgets, and now triggered criticism from three former governors as well as caravans of sign-waving schoolchildren. Not to be intimidated, Ventura proposed cutting state grants to private agencies that serve disabled persons, then did a flip-flop by recommending $500,000 in state funds to start up another program for the disabled to be run by Anthony Kennedy Shriver, brother of television reporter Maria Shriver and brother-in-law of Arnold Schwarzenegger.

• In April 2001, Jesse defended his credentials for setting state conservation policy in an interview with the *Star-Tribune*'s outdoors columnist, which precipitated one of the biggest flaps yet by reviving the question of whether the governor had falsified his military record. "Until you've hunted man," he opined, "you haven't hunted yet. Because you need to hunt something that can shoot back at you to really classify yourself as a hunter. You need to understand the feeling of what it's like to go into the field and know that your opposition can take you out. Not just go out there and shoot Bambi."

> A Vietnam veteran called for Ventura to put up or shut up: "People [with] intense combat experience seldom talk about it."

Apart from the fact that what was coming out of the governor's mouth suggested borderline sanity at best, Jesse's words didn't exactly endear him to Minnesota's 500,000 licensed hunters. Then, a week after the "Hunting Man" interview, a Vietnam veteran called for Ventura to put up or shut up: "The people who had the most intense combat experience seldom talk about it," he wrote in an open letter to the *Star-Tribune*. "If he wants to trade on his Navy record, he should release his DD Form 214 and make a statement of the specific places and the dates of his overseas service." The governor's office eventually confirmed that Ventura had been a UDT (underwater demolition team) member and not the Navy SEAL as he had touted himself since before getting elected. Because, however, the two entities merged under the SEAL banner in 1983, Ventura's spokesman insisted that onetime UDTs can now refer to themselves as SEALs.

Amazingly, there was no public outcry that the governor had been caught in a lie. In fact, at the same time the governor's office fessed up on the above matters, it was also announced that Ventura would be leading a Minnesota trade mission to China in the fall, his third international foray in as many years since taking office (Japan in 1999, Mexico in 2000). Always one for the personal touch, Ventura told reporters that he looked forward to paying another visit to Hong Kong—where he'd spent leave time while in the Navy. Hong Kong, he announced brazenly, had been the best place to get a deal on a waterproof Rolex Submariner, which was popular with Navy frogmen. Ventura said he still had the watch, which cost him $198.

Ventura's repartee with reporters came to an abrupt halt on October 2, three weeks after the terrorist attacks on New York City and the Pentagon, when the governor vowed never to speak to the Minnesota press again. The flare-up was sparked when Ventura and his wife, Terry, visited the remains of the World Trade Center with New York Governor George Pataki and a *Good Morning America* camera crew. No other media were permitted access, and a day later Kevin Diaz, the *Minneapolis Star-Tribune*'s Washington correspondent, asked whether there had been an "arrangement" between the morning show and Ventura that guaranteed ABC an exclusive. Ventura's press office acknowledged that ABC had indeed footed his airfare and that Ventura had agreed not to appear on any other morning shows, but the Big Man went ballistic anyway, erupting in a pouting, shouting rage that turned the two-day New York trip into a media commotion that wouldn't die.

"I'm not going to give any more interviews to the local press anymore!" he bellowed to John Wodele, his press liaison, before leaving Gotham. Two days later he reversed himself, as he'd done after other flaps, claiming that only *certain* reporters would be excluded but that he wouldn't talk into a tape recorder. His office, which briefly ceased publishing Ventura's daily schedule, then released details of the governor's workday only sporadically—supposedly for security reasons.

In short order, Minnesota bard Keillor—whose *Me: By Jimmy (Big Boy) Valente* had riled Ventura like nothing else before or since—wrote a *New York Times* Op-Ed piece lampooning Ventura's preoccupation with personal security. *The Star-Tribune*'s Doug Grow and Lori Sturdevant, as well as the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, all chimed in by taking whacks at the governor's thin skin and selfish behavior at a time when the nation was at war and his own domain was in disarray thanks to a strike involving 28,000 Minnesota state employees who'd walked off their jobs only two days before the trip to New York. Other reporters covering the New York junket, including Pat Kessler, political corre-

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KYLI

"Making love on a bed of roses was the greatest sexual experience I've ever had. The fragrance was intoxicating and the velvety softness of the petals caressing my skin was like nothing I had ever felt before."

FLOWER CHILD

Pet of the Month Kyli Ryan is a sucker for flowers. "I love getting them, especially roses," says our vivacious Valentine's Pet. "My favorites are Fire and Ice roses, red on the inside and white on the outside. A bouquet of those will really put a man in my good graces." A California native, Kyli will never forget one boyfriend who understood just how good those graces could be. "This man," she recalls, "was very inventive in the romance department. On the night of my birthday he totally remade his bedroom into a delicious hideaway. He had candles lit everywhere and had completely covered his wrought-iron bed with red rose petals. It was an unbelievable sight. Making love on a bed of roses was the greatest sexual experience I've ever had. The fragrance was intoxicating and the velvety softness of the petals caressing my skin was like nothing I had ever felt before. It was almost like being stroked by hundreds of gentle fingertips."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

"For someone new to modeling, Kyli was a total professional," says photographer J. Stephen Hicks. "I put her through some pretty hard poses, but she took it all in stride."

"Kyli also has a great sense of personal style—a real eye for fashion. She knows how to select just the right outfit for just the right occasion," Hicks adds.

A marketing major, 34-27-35 Kyli hopes to complete her degree by next year. "I'd love to have a position as a marketing manager for a clothing or cosmetics line," she says.

"My looks can be deceiving," Kyli admits. "A lot of men I've dated have tried to guess my background. They often think I'm Italian or Hispanic. Actually, I'm Polynesian and Irish."

MISS KYLI RYAN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

MISS KYLI RYAN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

"I want to experience all the excitement of life. I'll try anything, from skydiving to posing for *Penthouse*," our brown-eyed beauty says with a smile. "As a kid I was always the one who wanted to go on the roller coaster while everyone else was heading for the merry-go-round." Kyli, you've given us all quite a ride!

To see some very special photos of Kyli, visit our Website at www.penthouse.com

"I'm a very family-oriented person," the perky 21-year-old tells us. "I have relatives all over the United States, and I'm always at the family reunions."

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POLITICS in the Military

After the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the Navy put the blame for the massive loss on the shoulders of Admiral Husband E. Kimmel. Blaming Kimmel was wrong and unfair, but at least it was an acknowledgment that something had gone terribly awry. Contrast that with the aftermath of September 11, when President Bush paid a visit to CIA headquarters and gave director George Tenet a vote of confidence.

Several months have passed and the country has yet to confront the real issue of the war on terrorism: Why was our intelligence so terrible and who is responsible? There are folks at the CIA who fear delving too deeply into the history of our relations with members of the Taliban and Osama bin Laden. At the wounded Pentagon, word is out that intelligence information from the CIA must be verified independently. But why is the CIA so apprehensive and our military so distrusting?

The dirtiest word in Washington these days is *blowback*. Blowback is when people our country empowered employ techniques we taught them to kill innocent citizens; also when a tragedy that was once inconceivable can be traced back to poor decisions and inaction. For most Americans, blowback did not matter until it hit home in such a big way, but it has been around for years.

In the 1970s, CIA-trained Cuban refugees went to work for the world's worst governments in a killing spree called Operation Condor. No one paid much attention when the then-fascistic regimes of South Africa, Paraguay, and Chile hired these individuals to assassinate dissidents—notably Orlando Letelier, a former Chilean ambassador, and his American aide, Ronni Moffett, both killed in a 1976 car bombing in Washington. We saw a repeat of this kind of activity in the 1980s by former CIA operatives in Central America and Afghanistan.

Most of the methodology passed along to Osama bin Laden's agents of death came from the CIA. We trained bin Laden and the Afghan rebels to fight off the Soviet puppet government of Afghanistan in the early eighties. Then, after the Soviet invaders were forced out in 1989, our country abandoned the region. In 1993, two employees of the CIA were shot dead outside the agency's headquarters in Virginia. The killer was bitter toward the United States because of this abandonment.

Part of the CIA's method of operation has been to suspend immigration rules so the people the agency wants to use can be moved in and out of the United States for rewards and training. Just ask Bush senior how many Iraqis he allowed into the United States after the Gulf War. Michael Springman, a former State Department visa officer, worked in Saudi Arabia when we liked the Afghan rebels; he processed visa applications during the Afghan and Iran-Iraq wars. He was told by a CIA officer to ignore suspected terrorists and let someone else handle the visas. Springman argued, and soon his temporary job was eliminated.

On the heels of one of the biggest intelligence failures in history, President Bush gave CIA director George Tenet a vote of confidence.

The CIA's first post-September 11 attempt to fashion a former anti-Soviet fighter into a potential replacement leader for the Taliban was horribly botched. The commander risked his life, only to be betrayed by those he was trying to recruit inside Afghanistan. The CIA's response to his capture was to ineffectively launch missiles at his captors from unmanned drones. The putative leader was murdered. This episode will not make it easy to recruit replacements. Sadly, it is typical of the history of CIA covert operations.

This trend of irresponsibility continues to replicate itself because we do not hold our intelligence agencies responsible for their stupid behavior. If the American people are going to be in the foxhole for a long war, we are entitled to know that our country's major intelligence service is competent. Being commander in chief has many components. George Bush has shown he can rally the country. Now he has to take action for those fighting the war. The president must make certain that incompetence at the CIA is no longer rewarded or overlooked.—*Joseph Trento*

Joe Trento's book *The Secret History of the CIA* (Prima/Forum) details the spy agency's problems with blowback over the past 50 years.

By Jonathan Davis

TRADING PUNCHLINES WITH COMEDY'S BEST

What is the most erotic spot on the human male body?

The wallet.

Does every woman look good to a man at 2 A.M.?

Who cares about them? I hope *I* look good. That's when I become attractive. That's when I start looking like Matt Damon.

Have you ever had erotic feelings for animals?

We've all come close to animal sex, whether you pet a dog too hard and he turns around like "Where is this going?" or you masturbate with a parrot on your shoulder. That is actually one of my dreams in life: to masturbate with a parrot on my shoulder. If I were going to have sex with any animal, though, it would be a horse, because you'd always have a ride home.

If you could change one part of your body, what would you choose?

It's not really changing my body, it's changing someone's mind to find my body attractive. I'm accepting of the fact that I'm fat. I've got a double chin that keeps getting bigger. My fat has started to do things on its own, like when my second chin starts dialing the phone. I also think my breasts are too pointy.

Be honest: Do you like one-night stands?

I'm all for the one-night stand and the quickie the next morning before you have to leave. But you're never as busy as the day after you've had a one-night stand, because that's when you want the other person to leave. You're like, "I've got to go. I have to go to college. No, I mean, I have to *build* a college."

Dave Attell

"I cry at least once a day, but that's because I sit on my balls."

Do you think men should cry more often?

I cry at least once a day, but that's because I sit on my balls.

If you were a porno actor, what would your name be?

Cums Too Quick or Give Me Another Chance. I don't know how those guys do it. The girls are the ones that get all the money, but it's the guys that have the tough job of having to get it up all the time. The women can just sit back, moan, and fake it.

What is the dumbest question you've ever been asked?

After I performed, someone asked me, "Do you guys travel around together?" It's not like it's the circus! It's not like we travel on some bus with HA! written on it.

Would you rather have a male or female doctor?

Imagine if you have a hot doctor who's a woman and she sees that you're harmless. You can forget about playing doctor with her. With a male doctor, you can at least commiserate together.

What's not a capital offense but should be?

Telemarketing. They think you're sitting home all day waiting for their call. I actually think they're prisoners on work detail.

Have you ever had a near-death experience?

A few times onstage. I actually had this one girl in Miami come up to me before the show started and say, "You better be funny." Who has that attitude? Does she say to her boyfriend before sex, "You better stay hard"? Who dates this chick?

Is there anything worse than not being able to get it up?

Coming too quick—that's the worst thing. You definitely have to "prime the pump" before a date with a really hot girl (so I've heard). I don't usually get the hot girls. I'm the type that ends up with the C-level strippers and the girl that could have been an actress but decided to eat instead. So I usually don't have to worry about jerking off before a date.

How do you feel about movie remakes?

I don't understand why they keep remaking good movies like *Planet of the Apes*. I thought the first one said it all. I mean, if they are going to remake movies to make them better, why not pick something like *Porky's* or one of those *Police Academys*? Pick something that sucked and can be improved upon.

Have you ever seen Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera in the same place at the same time?

No, I haven't. I'm more into Christina Aguilera. Britney Spears reminds me of someone who in ten years is going to look like a real-estate agent or a party planner.

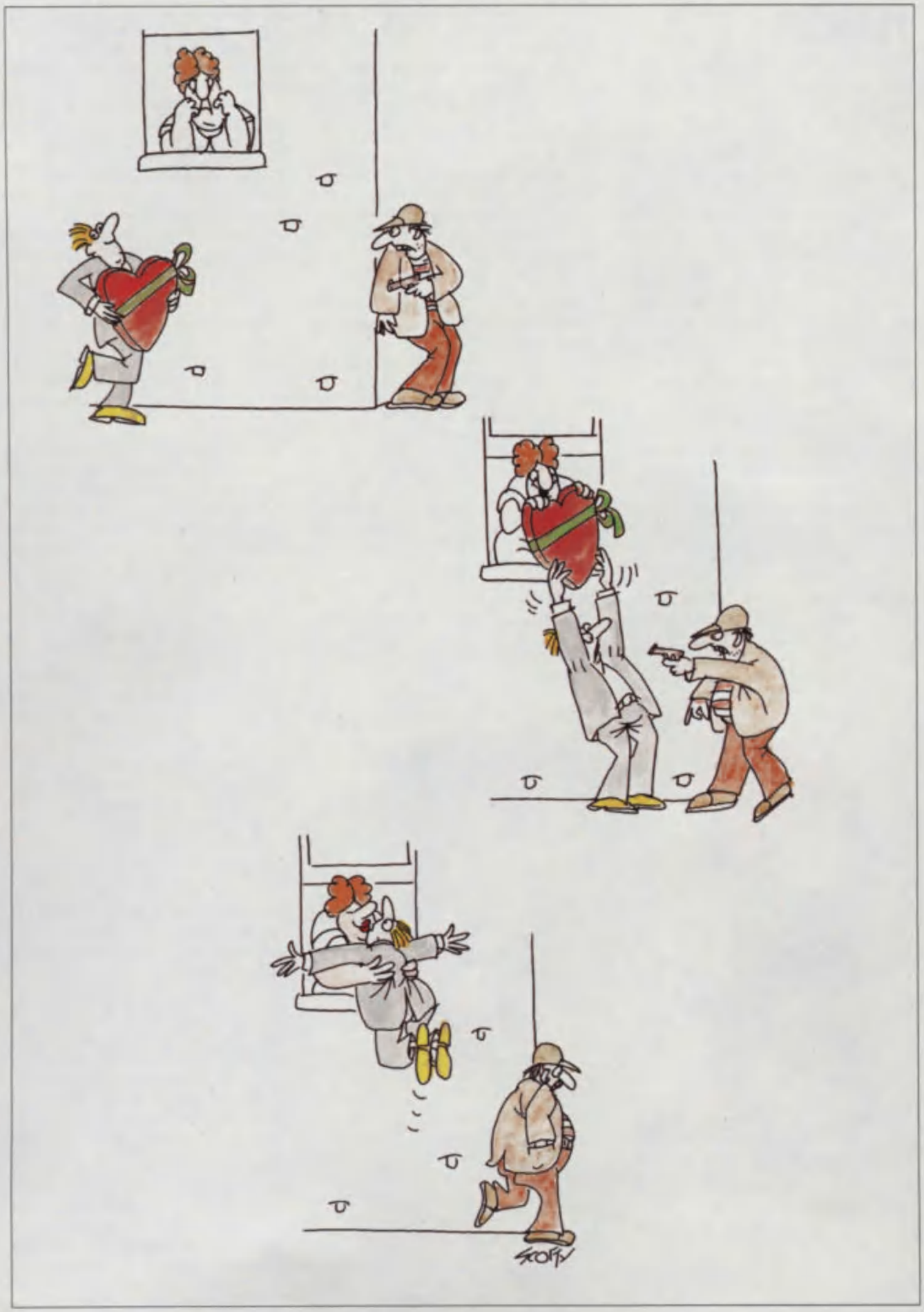
What's the weirdest thing that ever happened to you?

I was walking home drunk and stopped at a pay phone to call a buddy when all of a sudden some guy starts giving me a massage. I think he may have been hitting on me. I'd tell you more but I'd need a puppet.

Would you rather have an eight-inch dick or an eight-inch tongue?

The eight-inch dick would be great. You know, for when the girl is on top of you cowboy-style, and it keeps popping out, and you feel really small. The girl tries to make you feel better by saying it's her fault for moving too much. I'd like the girl to go up and down like she's riding a horse. That's what an eight-inch dick would do. For me in most cases it's like they're riding a pony.

Watch Dave's show, *Insomniac With Dave Attell*, Sunday nights on Comedy Central.



FORUM

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had the longest, silkiest-looking eyelashes I had ever seen. As I looked down at her (I'm a blonde, about five-foot-eight; she was probably five-foot-four), I couldn't help but wonder how she was keeping her beautiful, large brown breasts from falling out of her shirt, as well as maintaining her balance on those heels. I smiled at her, and she introduced herself as Maria.

I told Maria that I was trying to liven up my wardrobe, and she said the store had received some new items that morning which hadn't yet been put on the rack. If I followed her to the dressing room, she would bring them in to me. She casually took my hand and led me to the back of the shop.

In the dressing room, Maria asked what my bust size was. When I told her 36B, she said, "Oh, you're bigger than that, let me measure you. Take off your top." She went behind me and helped lift my black stretch sweater over my head. As I shook my hair free of the sweater, she moved around to my front, all the while deftly gliding her warm right hand over my back and left shoulder and her left hand across my stomach.

It was a bit cool in the air-conditioned room and Maria's warm hands felt good. They came to rest on my hips. She looked up at me and said, "Why don't we get your waist and hip measurements while we're at it?" She eased me around and unzipped my skirt. While she slowly pulled the zipper down, I felt a finger tracing the curve of my ass, and several fingers of her other hand sliding into the top of my panties. As I stepped out of my skirt, there was Maria in front of me, steadying me and guiding me to a leather settee against the wall. She knelt down in front of me and removed my scandals, caressing my feet as she did so. I began to wonder if I were imagining it, or if this young shopgirl was indeed engaging in some elaborate foreplay with me.

When it was time to stand up and be measured, Maria pulled out a cloth measuring tape and began her ministrations all over again. When the tape was across my chest, her hands "accidentally" brushed my nipples. The top of my panties needed to be pulled down a bit to enable an accurate measurement. She got down on her knees, measured my inseam, and brushed against my pubic area. My nipples got hard and I grew moist between my legs. I somehow let my hand fall to atop her head and then down along her cheek.

Maria got up off the floor, smiled as I had done, and said she would be right back. I felt strange and silly. I thought I must have had too much wine at lunch, then remembered that I hadn't gotten laid in weeks.

When Maria came back she was carrying an armload of clothes. She hung them on a rack, turned around, and shut the door to the dressing room. I heard the front-door lock click. She pulled a sheer black nylon blouse with lace details off the rack, along with a short black leather skirt. "You'd look great in this blouse, especially if you went braless. Let's try it," she said. She came right up to me, leaned in close, and reached around to undo my bra. When my breasts fell free they were right in her face. "You must be cold," she said. "Your nipples are hard." She gently touched the side of my breast. "Your skin is cold. Here, let's put this blouse on. You have beautiful firm breasts that will love being caressed by this fabric." Maria helped me button the front of the blouse. I stood in front of the floor-length mirror and saw my nipples pushing through the sheer fabric. Maria said, "How does that feel?" Before I could say anything, she put her hand on my ass and cupped my breast, stroking my nipple through the fabric. "Doesn't that feel great? That'll liven things up at work." She laughed and continued stroking my nipple. It tingled and became even harder. I gasped for breath.

"These old-fashioned panties won't do," she said. "Let's put a thong on you." With that, she pulled my panties down, making sure to touch my pussy as she pushed them to the floor. I stepped out of them and into a black mesh thong. Maria slid the thong up over my thighs and adjusted it against my pussy. She took the black leather skirt off a hanger and helped me step into it.

Maria stepped back and admired her work. "You're going to get a lot of attention in that outfit," she said. As it turned out, I didn't have to wait long. She came over and unzipped the leather skirt. This time she playfully grabbed my ass as the skirt came down. As I stepped out of the skirt her hand came around and cupped my pussy. She worked the mesh thong against my slit, and in no time the material was drenched. She pushed the thong aside and probed my butt hole. I moaned softly. Then she guided me to the settee, pushed me down onto it, pulled the thong down my legs, and spread my legs. While I watched and waited, she pulled her T-shirt over her head, exposing her huge brown breasts. She was braless, and her nipples were even harder than mine. She moved in on top of me, giving me a good look at her breasts while she massaged my pussy with her jean-clad leg. The denim felt scratchy, but before I could say anything her hot tongue

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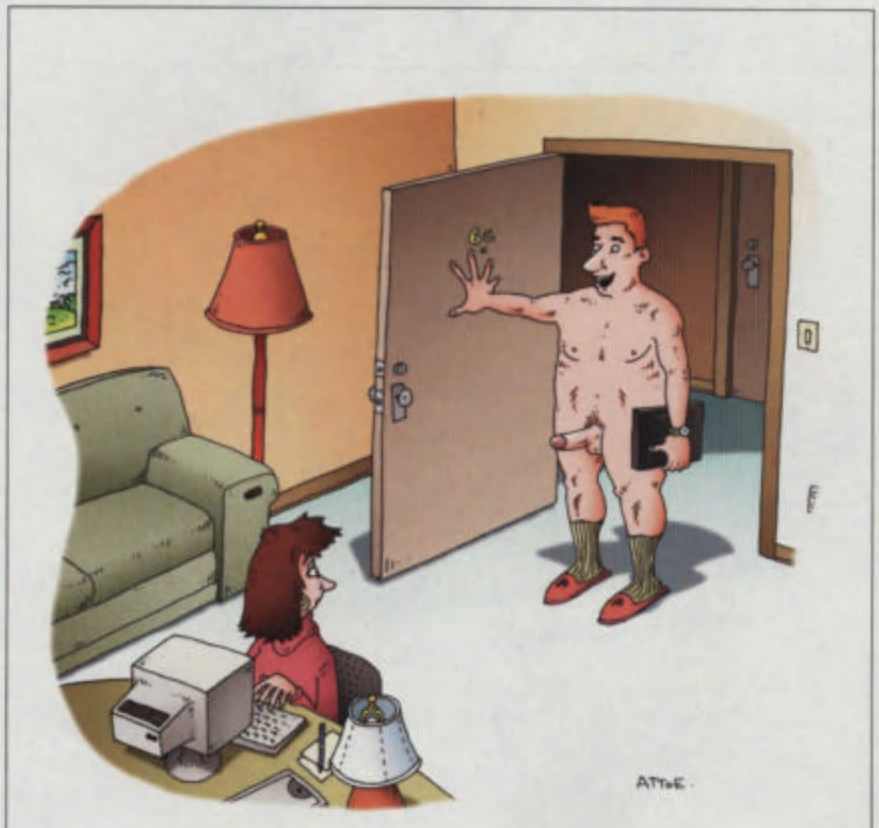


"I just followed the links, and here I am."

MIND AND MUSCLE POWER

RUN A MILE . . . WITHOUT RUNNING!

Much like shaving, watching the speed limit, and putting the toilet seat down, running is just another one of those things guys know they should do regularly but can't always be bothered with.

Just because you have no interest in joining the millions of Lycra-sporting zealots who salivate over the word *midsole* doesn't mean you're stuck with a body that looks like it only runs for the bathroom. Reaping the same benefits as those who run for real takes the right amount of knowhow.

"When you look at what running truly is, it's mainly a series of compound movements that ask different muscles to work together," says Jeff Bell, master personal trainer and creator of Spectrum Wellness, an exercise consulting organization in New York City. "Your legs obviously do most of the work to keep you in motion, but other muscles are working equally as hard to get you from one place to another."

Arms and shoulders help pump and propel you forward while your back muscles, for example, keep your body upright so you can take more air into your lungs. Even placing your weight on one leg at a time works many other mini-stabilizers (proprioceptive muscles) throughout your body that prevent you from losing balance.

"This full-body effort takes a lot of energy to pull off, which is why running is one of the most time-efficient ways to lose weight," says Bell. The average guy typically burns between 80 and 85 calories a mile. By extension, all it takes to achieve that same fat-burning, muscle-toning effect is exercising those same muscle groups through a different set of similar movements.

We asked Bell for a workout plan that offers the same cardiovascular and muscular benefits of running minus all that moving-around-from-place-to-place stuff that the rest of us can do without. The following routine does just that, by way of a circuit of four exercises that puts your muscles and lungs through the same intense pace that one mile of running would do. And even if you take your running seriously, you can still benefit from this routine, especially when bad weather, traveling, or some sweaty mess hogging the treadmill gets in the way of a decent workout. Using this plan every few weeks can also ease aching joints and tendons without screwing up your schedule.

If you're ready to go the distance without ever leaving your living room, the following will help you go nowhere fast (crumpled Dixie cups and broken finish-line tape not included).

Here's a workout plan that offers the same cardiovascular and muscular benefits of running without all that moving-around stuff.

THE "SHORTEST MILE" WORKOUT

Unless you make a habit of trying to outsprint underfed Dobermans for sport, you probably run a mile in roughly the same time most guys do (eight to ten minutes), which is why Bell gives us a four-part plan that takes just as long. To keep up the pace, start with the first exercise, then move immediately to the next without resting. Once you finish the last exercise, repeat all four movements once more, again without pauses. After it's over, your brain will know the truth but your body will feel as if it's been through race day.

1) OUT-OF-THE-BOX SQUAT (works the legs)

Stand straight, holding a pair of light dumbbells with your arms hanging at your sides. Squat

Your brain will know the truth, but your body will feel like it's been through race day.

down until your thighs are almost parallel to the floor, then push back up into a standing position. Keeping your legs straight and knees unlocked, curl both dumbbells up until your fists are directly in front of your shoulders (palms facing toward you), then quickly press the weights up over your head. Lower them down before you, level with your shoulders, then curl them all the way down. Repeat the entire drill (squat, curl, press) for exactly one minute.

2) THE AROUND-THE-CLOCK LUNGE (works the legs)

Stand with your feet shoulder-width apart, hands resting on hips. Step about three feet out with your right foot and lean forward, bending your right leg until the knee is just above the foot. Quickly push yourself back to standing position, then swing your right foot three feet back behind you. Plant your right foot and lunge straight down until your left thigh is almost parallel to the floor. Push back up to standing position, then step your right foot out to the right, toes pointing away from your body. Lean into a lunge position once more, push yourself back up, and repeat the routine for 30 seconds. Then return to a standing position and repeat the three-step movement, but with the left leg and foot, for another 30 seconds. (This time you'll of course be stepping toward the left.)

Bell's tip: Imagine that you're standing in the center of a clock. In the first part of the exercise, you'll be placing your right foot first at 12 o'clock, then six, then three. In the second part you'll again be placing your left foot at 12 o'clock, then six, then finally nine.

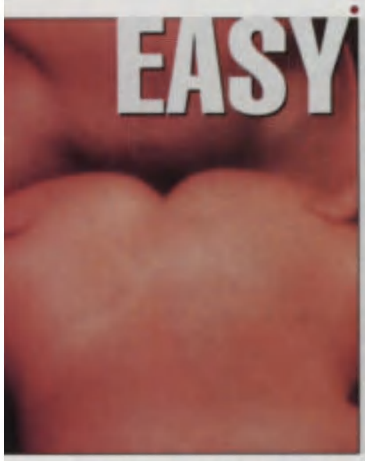
3) SINGLE-LEG ARM PUMP (works the abdominals, spinal muscles, and inner/outer thigh muscles)

Stand with feet together and hold a light dumbbell in each hand. Keeping your body straight, raise your left foot off the ground about an inch or two. All your weight should now be balancing on your right foot. Keeping upper arms close to your sides, curl the weights up until your forearms are almost parallel to the floor, palms facing each other. This is the starting position.

Now quickly pump your arms as if you were running (up and forward, then down and back), alternating arms so that one dumbbell is up while the other is down and vice versa for 30 seconds. Then stop, switch legs (this time resting all your weight on your right foot), and repeat the exercise for another 30 seconds.

4) INVERTED ABDOMINAL HOLD (works the abdominals, back, shoulders, and proprioceptive muscles)

Lie flat on the floor on your stomach with arms underneath you, hands clamped. Your forearms should be flat against the floor with your hands directly below your chest. Slowly lift yourself off the floor by resting all your weight on your forearms while simultaneously rising up on your toes. Still facing the floor, pull in your stomach so that your back stays flat. (The only things touching the ground should be your forearms and your feet.) Hold this position for one minute.—*Myatt Murphy*



EASY SLIDERS

Sometimes a guy needs a lubricant to access those special places. But just which type can depend on what you have in mind. Consider the pros and cons of the four basic types of lubricants available.

Water-based lubricants are widely recommended by physicians and sex therapists because such lubricants rarely cause vaginal irritation and are safe to use with latex condoms. They also do not stain clothing or sheets, and can be "revived" after extended sex with just a drop of water.

Silicone-based lubricants are completely waterproof, making them perfect for action in a pool or Jacuzzi. They're also safe to use with condoms, diaphragms, and dental dams, though they can damage sex toys. Best of all, they stay slippery longer than the water-based products.

Oil-based lubricants are acceptable for anal and vaginal sex, but a no-no when condoms are involved because they destroy latex. They also stain fabrics and can be hard to wash out.

Petroleum-based lubricants should be a last resort. They can't be used with condoms, diaphragms, or cervical caps because they destroy latex (condoms and sex toys). They can also irritate your partner's vagina.—*Jane Garrard*

ARE YOU MOIST YET?

Does drinking six to eight glasses of water a day bore the piss out of you? Too bad. Your body needs water in order to function properly, and an active lifestyle demands adequate hydration. Without it, you're liable to suffer from headaches, poor concentration, dizziness, constipation, and more.

According to the International Bottled Water Association's hydration calculator, active individuals should drink half an ounce of water a day for every pound of body weight. Meaning if you're a 180-pound guy, you should be quaffing something like 90 ounces—or a little more than 11 eight-ounce glasses—a day. Should the thought of drinking all that water leave you soggy, Dr. Keith Ayoob, director of nutrition at the Rose F. Kennedy Center at Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York City, suggests augmenting your hydration with foods like cucumbers, tomatoes, and melons, which have high water content plus additional nutrients. And remember: Hot weather, high altitude, a high-fiber diet, and caffeinated and alcoholic beverages cause water loss. Don't trust your thirst, either. By the time you feel thirsty, your body is already overdue for water.—*Jane Garrard*

THE REVENGE OF PIZZA FACE

Remember that acne-speckled kid everybody called "Pizza Face" back in high school? Chances are his complexion cleared up years ago, but yours could be covered with unsightly crusts that are the result of a condition called acne rosacea, which afflicts millions of men and women in their thirties and forties.

Rosacea usually affects the fair-skinned and those who tend to blush more easily, although the National Rosacea Society (www.rosacea.org) reports that it can occur with any skin type. Symptoms include a reddening of the cheeks that resembles sunburn, bumps on the nose, pimples, and red lines on the skin.

There is no cure for rosacea, but it can be kept under control. Treatment usually involves either a prescribed topical cream or an oral antibiotic; in some cases both may be prescribed, and treatment may be necessary even after the symptoms are gone, to forestall future outbreaks. (Don't reach for the Clearasil or other over-the-counter acne medications; they can dry sensitive skin and may irritate rosacea.)

Medical experts also suggest steering clear of things that can trigger flare-ups, including hot drinks, alcohol, spicy foods, stress, excessive sunlight, and exposure to extreme heat or cold. —*Jane Garrard*

There is no cure for acne rosacea, but with proper treatment it can be controlled.

VENTURA, INC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

spondent for the Twin Cities' WCCO-TV, claimed that while Ventura's usual fulminations were best seen as show-time "shtick," his present anger was "real." The governor was a cartoon character—steam was whistling out of his ears, the press kept insinuating—and now he was "ready to blow."

Possibly the most sobering response of all came from David Schultz, the former president of Common Cause Minnesota: "He's being eclipsed by larger events in the world. There's nothing in reality that he has a major role in, in terms of New York, Washington, and Afghanistan. This is his way of staying in the news." Added the *Pioneer Press*'s Jim Ragsdale, "I don't think this has anything to do with calculation or anything. It's the way he sees the world."

Three weeks after returning from his junket, the governor really began sounding clinical, advising all Minnesotans to boycott local newspapers and television news.

"Don't read either [daily] newspaper and don't watch the evening news," said Ventura, filling in as host of a local radio show. "And then you will not be infiltrated [sic] with half-truths, the *National Enquirer* journalism that's practiced today.

"Listen to talk radio. I'll tell you, it's more accurate on there."

As though to prove his point, he went on to say that the fault with the media's coverage of the war in Afghanistan was that few journalists have served in the military. Likewise, Twin Cities sports columnists were unqualified to cover athletics because most of them were in bad physical shape and "never had a jockstrap on."

Then, in a paranoid moment worthy of Humphrey Bogart's Captain Queeg in *The Caine Mutiny*, the governor insisted that he often has the upper hand with the media. "I fooled them when I got elected," he said of local journalists. "I fool them right now whenever I feel like it."

"Are you afraid of something, sir?" one female caller asked. Another pointed out that his "insecurities" and "whining" were unbecoming of a statesman. Ventura's response? "I just like to fight back. They're the ones whining because I'm not talking to them. There's an old saying, 'Don't bite the hand that feeds you,' and the Minnesota media's bitten my hand too many times. So now the hand's not feeding them anymore."

The remarkable thing was that by the winter of 2001, even after the World Trade Center flap, Ventura's chutzpah was still very much intact: "For as many feathers as I've ruffled, I get 10-to-1 letters from people saying that's why they like me." He likewise continued with the outrageous pretense that he'd sweated combat in Vietnam. While fishing with President Bush in early August, he had posed for photographers wearing his SEALs cap; nobody objected, and the widely distributed photo appeared on the front page of the *New York Times*.

As one Twin Cities newspaper wag put it, there was something "charmed" about how the guy was getting by, and by and large the press coverage was no more rigorous than it had been at the time of Ventura's inauguration, when he had pranced around in a boa, claiming to be the incarnation of everything that is politically incorrect. "He makes great copy," said the local scribe, pointing out that if Ventura were show business-as-politics, that's the way news editors wanted it. The buffoon sold papers. It didn't matter that the public was getting comic opera instead of hard news, or news that actually affected people's lives. "We cover him the way we do because he's completely unpredictable," said KMSP-TV assistant news director Alan Beck. For Carrie Simmons, a publicist for Jay Leno's *Tonight Show*, Ventura was a frequent guest not only because "he and Jay have a good time," but because Ventura "can usually be counted on to say something controversial."

Yet somehow, amidst all the fustian and hoopla, an important distinction was being lost: Like Ventura, Ronald Reagan was also a showman, but America's 40th president had a vision. Whether you liked him or not, Reagan changed the country by putting together a functional cabinet and by holding to a coherent set of beliefs. Ventura, by contrast, stood for nothing except noise. He was a show-off. His "libertarianism" was empty. The media thrived on Ventura's buffoonery, while Ventura himself fed his oversized ego and grew richer off his press-manufactured celebrity.

But are Ventura's goals even higher? A Florida group has registered with the Federal Election Commission for the stated purpose of promoting him as a third-party candidate for president. Ventura himself has pooh-poohed the idea, but given the man's rampant ego, who knows? This past August, appearing on Jay Leno for the fifth time, he once again coyly toyed with the possibility that he might just run for the nation's highest office.

"You never know," Jesse Ventura said. "If I do that, it assures me that I'll get back on your show."

"Room in the backseat appears adequate."

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http://www.penthouse.com

TERA

February is clearly Tera Patrick's month. She was our Pet of the Month back in February 2000, and now she's your overwhelming choice for Pet of the Year Runner-Up. As this special portfolio proves, the 25-year-old brunette's brash and sassy star shines brighter than ever. It's no wonder she stole our hearts ... and never gave them back.

Pet of the Year

RUNNER-UP

"Thank you, readers, for supporting me and for keeping up the *Penthouse* spirit," Tera says excitedly. "And thank you, Bob Guccione, for inviting me onboard in the first place. *Penthouse* has treated me very well, and I'm honored to be chosen. Only 12 girls are picked every year to be centerfolds, and I was lucky enough to be one of them. But to win Runner-Up—that makes me even luckier!" Of course, we consider ourselves the fortunate ones to have the opportunity to bask in Tera's bountiful assets. To thank her for this she will receive, among other prizes, an amethyst- and diamond-studded Runner-Up key, designed exclusively for *Penthouse* by Michael Hayden, Inc. We know she'll wear it with pride.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL

When we were introduced to the 35D-24-36 head-turner in her Pet of the Month pictorial, she made no secret of her smoldering lust for firemen. "There's something about them that I find irresistible," Tera told us. But if she was hot for these guys back then, she's burning up for them now. The events of September 11 have only further ignited her flames. "They're heroes," she says of the men in uniform. "Who else would run into a burning building to save you and your family? These guys are so confident and hard-working. They're rough on the outside, but soft on the inside. That's just the kind of man I'd like to marry."

Tera has no plans to settle down just yet, but any man who does strike her fancy should know how to take control of a situation. "I like to be picked up by my date if we're going out," she says. "He should have flowers, he should make reservations for dinner . . . and then he should be prepared to lose all of his own reservations in a nice long and loving night." What else gets Tera going? "I like a guy who knows how to use his tongue, and I like my sex a little rough. I enjoy being manhandled a bit. I like to start out rough—doggie-style, perhaps—and then finish nice and gentle—missionary position, maybe. Some nights, watch out—my guys really work up a sweat! I'm in love with my body, I'm not ashamed of sex, and I'll try anything. Anything a man wants, he usually gets from me. I'm a nurturer."

Hair and makeup by Emma Nixon

It's a very similar quality that lures Tera back to school to earn a degree in nursing. "I like to take care of people," she says. "There's such satisfaction in that." These days, though, her studies are on

hold while she takes her modeling career to the next level. "I love what I'm doing right now—I have a dream job. What I do makes a lot of people happy, and I appreciate that my work is enjoyed by others."

The love Tera has for her work is what makes her so successful as a model, says *Penthouse* photographer Suze Randall. "I've worked with a lot of girls," Randall tells us, "and Tera is tops in the field. She

knows how to relate to the camera, and the lens just loves her. She's a lot of fun, very beautiful, supremely sexy. She's just amazing—a wonderful choice for Runner-Up, and a real class act."

"I love to travel," our Runner-Up reports. "I made a *Penthouse* video in Costa Rica, and I loved it there. But I'm especially captivated by Europe—all the culture and customs. Next year I hope to go sailing on the Mediterranean. That would be a dream trip." As long as she's dreaming, there's one fantasy Tera says she's longing to fulfill. "I want to be blindfolded, and have sex with two men at the same time. I don't want to see—I just want to use my mouth to feel. Not being able to use my eyes would heighten my other senses and make me more perceptive, more sensitive to touch. I can't think of anything that would be as erotic. I know I'm a handful," she says with a laugh, "but I'm definitely worth it." We don't have to take another vote, Tera, to know that millions of fans would certainly agree!

JUSTICE

By Alan M. Dershowitz

What would the cops have said about Rodney King had the beating not been caught on tape?

If a citizen is harassed by a police officer in my home state of Massachusetts and somehow manages to audiotape the encounter without the cop's knowledge, who would wind up in jail? Guess the police officer, and you're wrong. Without hard proof, few judges would believe the words of a citizen over those coming from the mouth of a law-enforcement official. But if the citizen records that proof, he could, believe it or not, face a felony charge and prison time.

That was the ruling in a recent case decided by what was once the jewel among state courts, the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. This decision is no jewel (unless, of course, we're referring to the German word for jewel: *schmuck*). In fact it is one of the most perverse rulings ever rendered by a common-law court that's delegated to interpret statutes reasonably and consistently. It is preposterous to think that a statute designed to protect the privacy of citizens should embrace the unlawful public actions of on-duty police officers.

The decision is particularly absurd in Massachusetts, where law permits both uniformed and plainclothes officers to surreptitiously record conversations of citizens, even without a warrant or probable cause. As interpreted by the Massachusetts high court, this essentially gives guilty police an expectation of privacy in their public actions, but denies that same expectation to innocent private citizens in their encounters with law-enforcement officials.

How, then, are average people supposed to protect themselves from police harassment or worse? The Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts offered belated advice to the man who faced this very problem: "At the outset of the traffic stop, the defendant [should have] simply informed the police of his intention to tape-record the encounter." Now *that's* a jewel of an idea. Take my advice: Never tell a belligerent cop that your tape recorder is on unless you want to get it smashed.

The upshot of this decision will simply stymie the search for truth. Imagine how the Los Angeles policemen who beat Rodney King would have described the incident had they not been caught on videotape, and consider whom the judge would have believed without incontrovertible proof. No legitimate interests are served by punishing a citizen for recording the activities of an on-duty official who is abusing his public trust. As the dissenting opinion of the Massachusetts chief justice correctly states, "In our republic the actions of public officials taken in their public capacities are not protected from exposure."

It is true that the language of the Massachusetts statute contains no explicit exception for citizens taping errant cops, as it does for cops taping innocent citizens. But that is precisely the reason why we have courts: to interpret broad statutes intelligently, with common sense and constitutional guidelines. This statute cries out for an interpretation that authorizes citizens to employ the truth as a protection against the double assault of abusive and lying cops. Police officers have no right to privacy in their public encounters with citizens, but citizens do have a right to protect themselves against police misconduct by recording the truth. Public officials should act as if every one of their official actions were on tape. If the courts refuse to act sensibly, legislatures must pick up the slack and amend the statute.

We live in an age in which the police are empowered to take away from citizens an ever-increasing amount of privacy. Face-recognition technology and video cameras on street corners are only the tip of a deepening iceberg. The time has come to allow citizens everywhere to hold their public officials accountable by recording their official actions. Police misconduct will persist unless ordinary citizens are given the tools to protect themselves from the bad apples in blue.

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67% of Women Say They're *UNHAPPY* With The Size Of Their Lover's Penis...

Muscles, Money, and Looks help, but women want a "bigger" man.

The Average Penis Size Is Just 6 Inches... But Who Wants To Be "Just Average"?

Herbal Science Breakthrough!

World-Famous Pharmacist Creates *Revolutionary* Herbal Pill That Is Guaranteed To Increase Your Penis Size By 1"... 2"... 3"... or more in just a few short weeks! *(with absolutely no adverse side-effects)*

Dear Fellow Man...

What I'm about to tell you is absolutely true. If you believe me, you will be greatly rewarded for the rest of your life. If you don't believe me... I'll make it worth your while to change your mind. Let me explain.

I'm the President of what I believe is, the most advanced Herbal Nutrition Company in the United States. Over the past few years, my company created some incredible, breakthrough products... but this one has been our most successful by far!

Our latest and most *controversial* product is called LONGitude and by simply taking 2 LONGitude capsules every day... it will make your penis grow in both length and thickness by a whopping 26%.

Sounds impossible? Of course it does... but 96% of the men who try LONGitude have great success, growing 1"... 2"... 3"... and more. I myself gained 2 1/8" in just 8 short weeks on LONGitude. I am extremely pleased with this product's performance.

I'm a single guy... so I do date quite often and let me tell you man-to-man... NOTHING, and I mean NOTHING beats the look on my lover's face as she sees it for the first time... watching her gasp... almost in disbelief... with a slight look of fear in her eyes. I can't describe how confident a bigger penis makes me feel!

You Don't Believe Me... Right?

I don't blame you for being skeptical of LONGitude... hell, even when my research team told me they had finally got it right after 3 years of research and testing, I didn't believe it. That's why I tried LONGitude personally.

Let Me Explain How LONGitude Works... It'll Help Convince You...

Your penis has three chambers... 2 large ones on top which are your erectile tissue and one smaller one on the bottom which you urinate and ejaculate from. And...

(next page please...)

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When you get an erection, your brain releases a hormone which sends blood to your penis, filling your erectile tissue. The blood cavities in your erectile tissue fill to the maximum, giving you an erection.

LONGitude will give you a more muscular look, surely standing apart from other penis... A penis your lover will remember for the rest of her life!

100% Natural & Safe LONGitude Will:

Here's What You Can Expect To Happen Taking LONGitude:

Week 1-3: Your penis will experience greater and longer lasting erections and a noticeable increase in thickness.

Week 4-8: Your penis will have grown in length and will possess much more thickness in both- erect and flaccid states.

Week 9+: Your penis will have taken on a new body, not just longer and thicker, but much harder and healthier.

Now get this... the maximum your erectile tissue can fill with blood creates the size your erect penis presently is. But here's the breakthrough we've discovered... Your erectile tissue can be developed much larger and stronger than it is with our product LONGitude.

Simply put... your penis is EXTREMELY unfit and smaller than what it could be if your erectile tissue chambers were larger (holding more blood). LONGitude will go to work on these chambers - increasing their size in both length and width... to hold more blood... getting you a few extra inches you wish you were born with.

After just a few days on LONGitude, you will start to see and feel much difference in the way your penis hangs and feels when erect.

LONGitude will also promote increased sensitivity... getting you more "feelings" during intercourse, enabling you to achieve ROCK HARD erections ANY time you desire.

- ***Strengthen and harden your erections like a length of STEEL PIPE!***
- Develop your PC Muscle to form a truly "muscular" looking penis that will impress and arouse your lover. I guarantee they'll brag to their friends.
- ***Enlarge your penis 1-4" or more AT HOME, without vacuum pumps, weights, or surgery.***
- Intensify your orgasms.
- ***Achieve more powerful thrusting ability.***
- Last as long as you want without drugs.
- ***Achieve ROCK HARD erections any time you want... your lover won't believe it!***
- Safely and Permanently enhance your penis size, strength, and ability without expensive and dangerous pumps, weights, drugs, or surgery.
- ***And much, much more!***

When you feel you are at your peak performance level in penis size and mass... you'll have a new found confidence... knowing you can please any woman more than any other man could - no matter how hard he tried!

It's pretty simple to understand... the size of your erectile tissue chambers is what limits your penis to the size it is now. LONGitude painlessly makes these chambers longer and wider, holding more blood... making your penis several inches longer.

90% Of Men Have A 6" Penis... That's The Average Size LONGitude is made for men that are NOT HAPPY WITH AVERAGE!

You don't want to make an average income... live in an average home... drive an average car... why settle for an average penis... especially since it is inexpensive and safe to have some serious machinery between your legs.

Try LONGitude without risk... here's how:

A One-Month supply of LONGitude (60 capsules) costs just $59.95 plus shipping. Get yourself a bottle right now by calling 1-800-518-3492 with your credit card, 24 hours a day - 7 days a week. We'll rush you off a bottle of LONGitude... try them as recommended- just 2 easy-to-swallow capsules per day.

You're Guaranteed To See An Increase Of ONE FULL INCH in 30-Days Or You Pay NOTHING!

If after trying LONGitude for 30-days, you do not experience a FULL INCH in length and a noticeable increase in thickness, simply send the bottle back to us and we'll refund 100% of your money - even the shipping fees you've incurred! No questions asked!

How Can We Be So Generous?

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Easy- with a 96% success rate... we're more than confident it'll work for you... with amazing results that almost defy belief! Think about it... standing in the mirror with a penis 1"... 2"... 3" larger... or more. That would be something, wouldn't it?

You bet it would. And with our 30-Day NO GROW-NO PAY guarantee, where *we'll even refund your shipping cost*... you have absolutely nothing to lose!

I know you may still be skeptical... but all I want you to do is "try" LONGitude... I won't consider this purchase binding until after 30-days. Can it really work for you? You'll never know unless you give it a try. Look- pass up on this offer and 30-days from now, you'll simply be a month older with the same penis you have now... or you can be on enjoying a new life as thousands of other men are... many inches longer. **You decide**.

And by the way... LONGitude will be *discreetly* billed to your credit card under CP DIRECT and it is shipped in a plain box, with only our return address on the label.

Thank You,

Josh Bowens
CP NUTRITIONALS DIRECT
creators of LONGitude
Call 1-800-518-3492 to "try" LONGitude risk-free for one month

PS: In a recent survey conducted by Durex Condoms, 67% of women said that they are unhappy with the size of their lover's penis. Proof that size does matter! A larger penis has much more surface area and is capable of stimulating more nerve endings, providing more pleasure for you and your partner. A man endowed with a 7" or 8" penis is simply better *"equipped"* than a man with a 5" or 6" penis. Would you rather have more than enough to get the job done... or fall short. It's totally up to you.

PPS: A special bonus if you are one of the first 250 men to try LONGitude risk-free... You'll receive FREE membership into our Preferred Customer Club where you'll receive a $20 discount off every future bottle of LONGitude. In addition, so you do not go a day without our capsules, you'll automatically receive a new 30-day supply every month and we'll bill you just $39.95, plus shipping - that's $20 OFF the retail price. Trust me- after a week on LONGitude you will not want to live a day without this product until you reach your optimum length. Once you reach your optimum length in about 3 months, call us and we'll stop sending automatic shipments. There is no minimum amount of bottles to buy and you can cancel shipments at any time. And if you take us up on our 30-day money back guarantee, your credit card will never be billed again.

PPPS: This breakthrough product will make your penis grow, and grow until you decide it's the perfect size. When it reaches it's optimum size, stop taking LONGitude. You do not have to take LONGitude ever again- the results are permanent. Most users stop taking LONGitude once they reached 8" to 9" (about 12 weeks). It is not advised to go past the 9" limit for the simple fact that you'll be too big for many women.

Here's Some Of The Most Common Questions New Users Have:

What Is LONGitude?
LONGitude is a 100% safe and natural formula that is guaranteed to increase penis size by an average of 26%.

How Does LONGitude Work?
LONGitude permanently enlarges your two erectile tissue chambers in your penis to hold more blood during an erection... thus, making your penis much, much larger in size.

Are Their Any Negative Side-Effects?
Absolutely zero. A positive side-effect is that you'll be more sensitive, enjoying intercourse more.

How Do I Take LONGitude?
Simply take 2 easy to swallow capsules every day.

How Long Can I Expect My Penis To Get?
Measure yourself during full erection and add 26% - that is the average size increase. LONGitude will continue to work the longer you use it.

How Long Will It Take To Work?
LONGitude will start working instantly, making your penis thicker and erect more often. Length growth starts a few weeks later and the total process usually takes 12 weeks.

How Long Should I Take LONGitude?
Take it until you get to 8" or 9". After you get to this size, we advise you stop taking it. Any longer of a penis would be too large for most women to handle.

What Are The Ingredients of LONGitude?
LONGitude is a proprietary blend of the following 100% safe and natural ingredients: Zinc, 300 Yohimbe, Maca, Catuaba, Muira Pauma, Oyster Meat, L-Arginne, Oat Straw, Nettle Leaf, Cayenne, Pumpkin Seed, Sarsaparilla, Orchic Substance, Licorice Root, Astragalus, Tribulus, Boron, and Ginseng.

To *"try"* LONGitude risk-free for an entire 30-days, call TOLL-FREE 1-800-518-3492 (anytime 24 hours a day) *or...* Go to www.longitudecapsules.com to order online and to view some *DRAMATIC* before and after photos!!!

ARTICLE BY TIMOTHY FORD PHOTOGRAPHS BY MATTI WAMBOLA

Courtesy of John Hicks/Corbis

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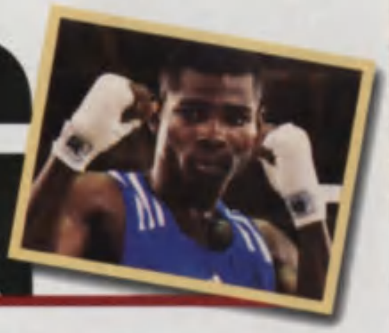
For true devotees of the sweet science, the

BIG RED

hundreds of bouts of Cuba's national

BOXING



championships are a dream come true.

MACHINE

So you consider yourself a boxing fan. A Real Boxing Fan. Where do you go to watch the greatest concentration of world-class boxers? The answer: sun-drenched Santiago de Cuba, that country's southernmost city and the center of Santería, the Afro-Cuban mystical religious tradition. There, for eight days at the end of January, the pride of the island nation go toe-to-toe in pursuit of a championship belt—and a spot on the fabled Cuban national team.

Cubans kick ass in international amateur boxing, and they've been doing it for 40 years. Third World Cuba, with only 11 million of the world's nearly six billion people and few natural resources, has won four out of 12 gold medals in each of the past two Olympics. Cubans have won a stunning 27 gold medals in Olympic competition, 49 major world titles, and 37 World Cup titles. Cuban heavyweight Teofilo Stevenson won three consecutive Olympic golds in 1972, '76, and '80, only the second such triple in the Games' history. Countryman Felix Savon repeated the hat trick, winning the Olympic heavyweight gold in 1992, '96, and 2000.

No other country has ever come close to assembling so many skilled fighters—amateur or professional—in each weight division as the Cubans do every year at the Torneo Nacional de Boxeo, or "Playa Giron" (the national tourna-

(Opposite) the Cuban national team; gold medalist Guillermo Rigondeaux. (Above) Inocente Fiss, in red, and Estenio Gutierrez. (Below, left and center) Odlanier Solis, in blue, and Isael Alvarez. (Below, far right) Rubinelson Hardy, in blue, and Mario Kindelan.

ment is nicknamed for the Cuban military victory at the Bay of Pigs), in Santiago. For the true devotee of the sweet science, the 200-plus bouts of the Cuban national championships are a dream come true.

With so much top talent on hand, it is not unusual for a reigning world or Olympic champion to lose to a countryman in Santiago. In the 2001 tournament, which I was fortunate enough to attend, only three of the previous year's champions retained their crowns from 2000. As expected, bantamweight Olympic gold medalist Guillermo Rigondeaux and heavyweight rising star Odlaniel Solis rolled to victory. World dominator Mario Kindelan, however, barely escaped with the lightweight title.

Cuba's *numero uno* fight fan receives boxing gloves from Olympic champions Teofilo Stevenson and Felix Savon. (Above, right) legendary coach Alcides Sagarra.

Not so lucky were Cuban Olympians Maikro Romero and Jorge Gutierrez. Flyweight Romero, Olympic gold medalist in Atlanta and winner of the bronze in Sydney, could do no better than a bronze in Santiago, and super-middleweight Gutierrez, gold-medal winner in Sydney, lost to a very strong and confident Yorlandis Despaigne.

Heavyweight Solis is a very mobile, ring-savvy boxer whose forte is defense. In the entire 2001 tournament, opponents of Solis managed one point between them against the champ—meaning Solis permitted only one clean blow to a "vulnerable region" in 16 rounds of fighting.

(The Playa Giron is fought under International Amateur Boxing Association regulations. At least three out of a panel of five judges must agree that a punch is valid—clean and within a vulnerable region. Fights consist of four rounds of two minutes each. Fighters must wear headgear. Standing eight counts are common; knockouts are rare, but referees often stop fights at the first sign of impairment or a man overwhelmed. Fights are also stopped anytime a fighter builds a lead of 15 points.)

Fighting for the City of Havana Province, 20-year-old champion Odlaniel Solis has been in the ring more than half his life, and boasts two wins in three bouts with the great Felix Savon. Solis was held out of the 2000 Olympics to allow Savon to close out his career with a third gold medal. (Savon retired after Sydney to start a career in coaching.) Besides the three official bouts, Solis regularly sparred with former teammate Savon, who had a jackhammer of a right hand and a reputation for never letting up on an opponent—even in practice. When asked if Savon ever knocked him down, Solis smiled, shook his head, and said *"Nunca"* (never).

Solis bears some physical resemblance to Leon Spinks, but with greater quickness and intelligence. He has yet to develop overwhelming power, but he is still quite young. "With his ring skills, he may never need it," commented Pedro Roque, director of the Youth Technical Collective (the national junior boxing school in Havana). In the 2001 heavyweight final, Solis won without giving up a point, schooling spectators in body control and foot speed.

Guillermo Rigondeaux, champion at Sydney, crushed a very good Kenier Mesa of Las Tunas in the 2001 Playa Giron final, scoring a TKO with 30 seconds remaining in the first round. Rigondeaux possesses lightning speed and tremendous muscle mass. Even when Rigondeaux misses it hurts. Some consider him to have the fastest hands in the world. Given his overall punching power, skills, and quickness, Rigondeaux deserves consideration, along with Mario Kindelan, as the world's best fighter pound-for-pound.

Sydney gold-medal winner Kindelan of Holguin Province managed a 14–10 victory at the championships against Rubinelson Hardy of Santiago. Kindelan, currently the holder of the Olympic, Pan-American, Central American, World, and International titles, was repeatedly engaged in fierce combat by Hardy, a tough young fighter who will likely make a name for himself in the 2004 and 2008 Olympics.

Maikro Romero, a very popular former Olympic champ from Havana, had trounced preliminary opponents, not permitting a single point, before running into the young Osvaldo Liranza of Santiago in the semifinals. An occasional loose cannon, Liranza fired up the local fans with his surprise 13–10 win, and went on to take the crown over Yomaiqui Aguilar in the finals.

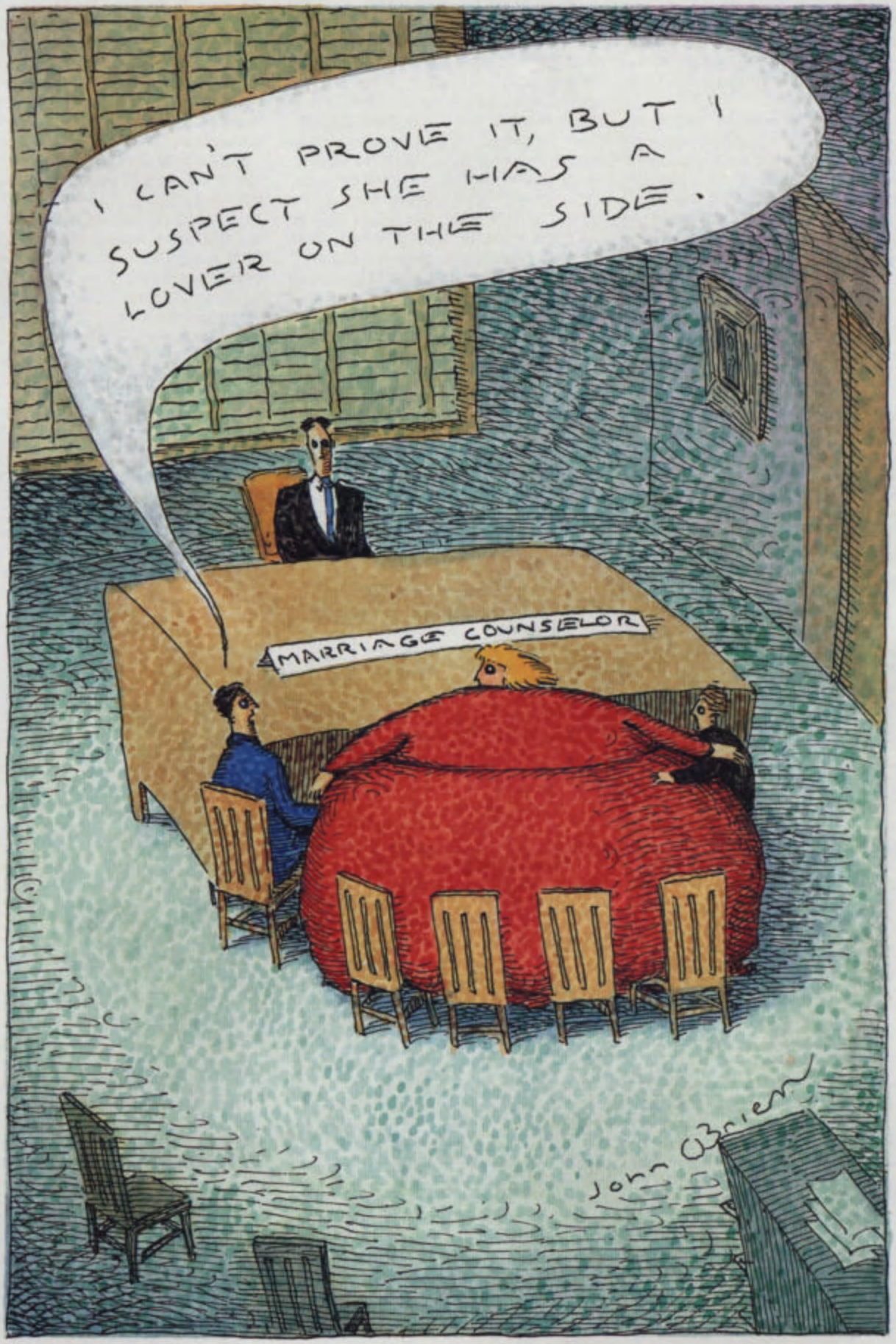
Welterweight Sydney gold medalist Gutierrez, a bear of a fighter and a methodical aggressor, seemed tentative from the opening bell of the final against the very sharp Despaigne of Santiago. The hometown crowd shouted "Viva!" with every Despaigne score, and went wild as Gutierrez's trademark coolness deteriorated into desperation in the fourth round. (Note: Although the national team trains outside Havana at fabled La Finca de los Boxeadores, and the best juniors train at the Youth Technical Collective in Havana, many great boxers hail from Santiago.)

The 2001 national championships left this observer with the belief that Cuba may never stop dominating world amateur boxing. The depth at every weight except super heavyweight is stunning; and Alexis Rubalcaba's return from a year off will help the top division.

Many excellent young fighters made their marks in 2001 even in defeat. Some to look for in 2002: bright young lightweight Wilmar Miranda, who lost to Mario Kindelan in the quarterfinals, will definitely be back, as will bantam Kenier Mesa and lightweight Rubinelson Hardy; the Barrera brothers (middleweight Sullivan and welterweight Yistan), who both lost early but will make names for themselves; and Yunier Barzaga, featherweight silver-medal winner.

Any conversation about Cuban boxing eventually turns to Alcides Sagarra, the legendary head coach of the Cuban national boxing team from 1964 to the present. A boxer himself until 1960, and illiterate before the revolution, Sagarra's writings on science-based training are studied throughout the world. He became the principal architect of Cuban boxing in the early sixties. His system, the DPC (Direct Period to Competition), involves the charting of all forms of preparation, including community service, rest, and study, to find the best pattern for each athlete. Sagarra is also a stern moral guide whose personality is marked by ferocious competitiveness and perseverance.

Photographs, top left, Osvaldo Hurtera, courtesy of Associated Press; top right, Al Bello/Allsport


I CAN'T PROVE IT, BUT I SUSPECT SHE HAS A LOVER ON THE SIDE.
MARRIAGE COUNSELOR
John O'Brien

Cuban boxing coach Pedro Roque lays it out: "Sagarra comes from a humble society in Santiago de Cuba. His childhood was all work; he was a mechanic as a teenager. But he always boxed, inspired by the great Cuban boxers."

Heavyweight legend Teofilo Stevenson helped make Sagarra's name as much as Sagarra helped make Stevenson's. Amateur Stevenson and pro Muhammad Ali were both at the height of their powers in the 1970s. Many boxing fans longed to see them fight. When asked if he could have beaten Ali, Stevenson responded, "I beat anyone who came before me under international amateur rules; I have no reason to think I wouldn't have beaten every pro boxer out there at the time. Given a period of training to adjust to the rules of professional boxing—everybody."

Stevenson feels Sagarra's strength lies in "his intelligence; his ability to teach a boxer to exploit his biomechanics in competition. Sagarra's personal capacities, including his ongoing scientific studies of boxing, seem to grow day by day."

"Consistent victory cannot be achieved unless each fighter is in superior shape at the exact hour and day of competition," Sagarra himself says. To which Stevenson adds, "It's absolutely necessary that a boxer remain open and willing to learn, especially against tough competition. That requires physical conditioning and technical preparation so he is not too overwhelmed to pay attention."

Tom Mustin, head coach of the 2000 U.S. Olympic boxing team, finds the Cuban boxers "extremely disciplined, well-coached, and very focused. Our boys are focused on their pro careers after the Games; the Cubans are very focused on medals." When asked if Sagarra is the best boxing coach ever, Mustin replied with a begrudged affirmative: "Probably. With a record like his you have to say yes."

In 1961, Cuba's National Institute of Sports, Physical Education, and Recreation (INDER) was founded, dedicated "to bringing amateur sports to its highest level, and to making all sports participatory and available to all." In 1962 Cuba banned professional sports. (The loss of Cuban boxers abroad has been a persistent problem in Cuban boxing, but, in truth, many defections have occurred during the severest economic downturns.)

INDER is a big, big deal in Cuba. A huge number of Cubans make their livings pimping sport and pimping it hard; using the prestige of sports success to help stay in control of a country is serious business. It does not harm the Cuban athletic effort that Fidel Castro is a lifelong sports fanatic. While some criticize Cuba's undisguised exploitation of athletics for political prestige, an even more cynical point of view holds that Castro is a self-centered sports junkie, a baseball and boxing addict who has tuned his nation's budget to fit his interests. In any case, the compelling health, dignity, and intelligence of the Cuban boxing team speak volumes about Castro's support.

By 1962 Cuban amateur boxers were beginning to win international bouts. In 1968 Cuba won its first Olympic medals. By the 1972 Munich Olympics, Cuba was the champion team, with three golds, one silver, and one bronze.

Cuba had gone from nowhere to world power in boxing in ten short years, and to world dominance over the following 29. How?

José Barrientos Martinez—a short, driven man of about 40—is the president of the Cuban Boxing Federation. You can bet your ration tickets Barrientos gets the job done.

"Here in Cuba we have more than 300 boxing clubs open to all," he says. "We provide *alto rendimiento* [high honors] centers in each of our provinces, where the 30 to 50 best students can refine their techniques and physical capacities, with an instructor for every eight to ten students. We have sports universities where we have two doctors of pedagogic science who specifically develop the intellect and science of boxing, with 20 more studying for their doctorates. We have 578 boxing instructors in the country, and more than 300 licensed instructors. We created the Cuban boxing school, known the world over.

"We drew on the experience of the Socialist camp—primarily the Russians, the Hungarians, and the Germans. We nurtured a great asset—the great personal responsibility of the Cuban people and its Latino character. But without the great social changes of 1959, none of our achievements would have been possible. We have great material limitations because we are blockaded, criminally, but we have great human resources."

In the Cuba club boxing system, boys can start competitive fisticuffs at the age of 11. "In the 11-to-12-year-old level we teach and evaluate the guard position, the overall fighting posture, how the child executes and defends himself," explains Alberto Brea, coach of the Havana City team. "This is a national process, based in technical publications which we use in all 15 provinces." The provinces select teams to participate in national competitions like the Santiago tournament to determine the national and Olympic teams.

A separate athletic school system exists for the best talent. A prospect starts in an EIDE (School of Initiative Scholastic Sports). He then moves on to a sports high school, an ESPA (School of Superior Scholastic Perfection). If he remains promising he will go to the Youth Technical Collective, the national junior boxing school. These schools are independent of the clubs and federations that evaluate the fighters at all levels and hold the tournaments.

The overlapping parallel systems provide deep experience for the young Cuban boxer. When Maikro Romero won the flyweight gold at Atlanta in 1996 at age 20, he had already been in 120 to 130 fights of four rounds each.

"We adhere 100 percent to the EIDE regulations," says Youth Technical Collective director Pedro Roque. "The athletes learn from a very young age so that later they don't violate the rules. Each boy is guided constantly, lovingly. We're ready for 2004, for 2008—we're thinking about 2016."

A curious preponderance of left-handers exists in Cuban boxing. "Of the four Cuban Olympic champions, three are left-handed. We often train right-handers to box left-handed. We feel it's to our technical advantage to push opponents out of their comfort zone," says Noel Torres, president of the dominant Santiago Boxing Federation.

Havana City Boxing Federation president Manuel Echazaval explains the mystery of Cuban boxing excellence: "I can tell you the great, hidden secret: work, work, more work."

Cuba's dominance of world amateur boxing is the subject of scorn in a few corners. Some observers find it hard to believe any boxer can freely choose to pursue excellence without a financial motive. Many believe Cuba wins mostly because of inherent, unfair advantages

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121

No other country has ever come close to assembling so many skilled fighters—amateur or professional—in each weight division.

Styling by Sandy Ward

DAVID & JESSICA

For David, sex was always a game. When he met a woman, he'd take her somewhere and sometimes he'd fuck her, but usually he'd just have her suck his cock before sending her away. Then David met a different kind of girl. She turned the tables on him, gripping his erection tightly and explaining that she was the one in charge. He was further astonished when she pulled out an array of feminine garments and a silly blonde wig, and asked him to please put them on.

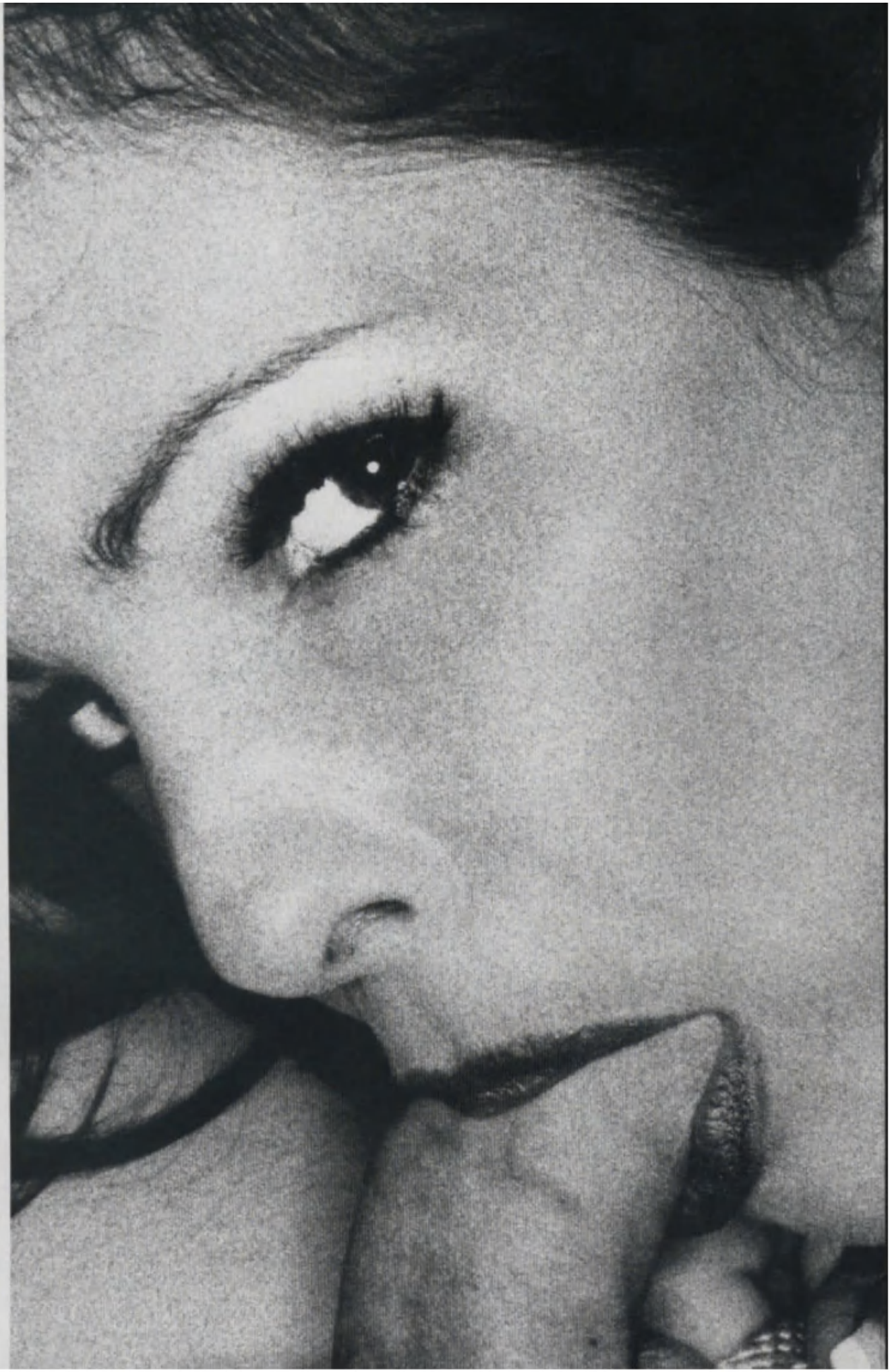
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY WARD

Jessica teased her new plaything by first wrapping her lips around his cockhead and making sure he was good and hard. The tang of pre-come told her everything she needed to

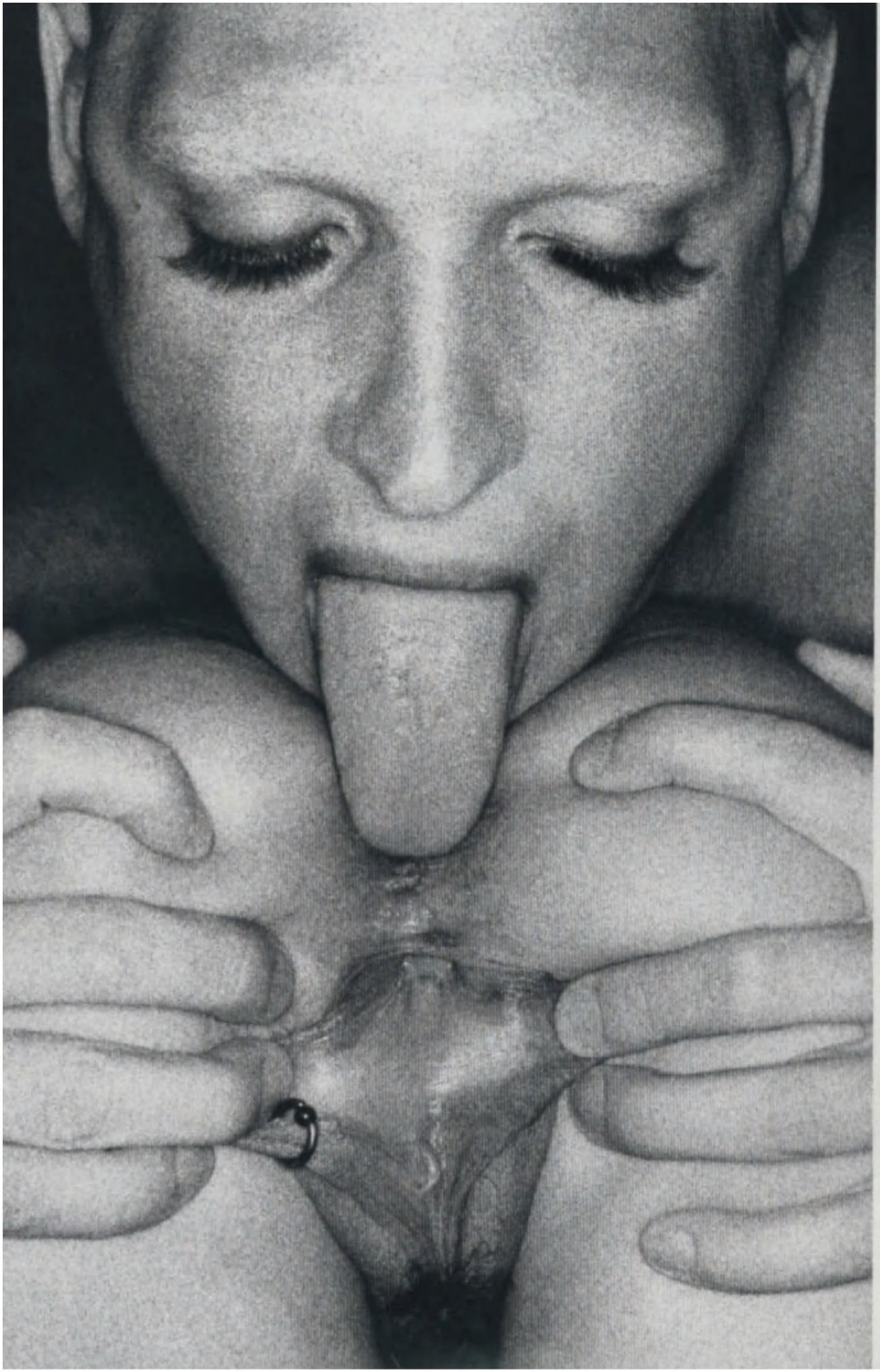
know. Though David ached to stick his dick in her hot, tight pussy, she would not allow it. Instead she demanded that he fuck her with his fist, so only *she* would receive any pleasure.

Jessica sat on David's face and told him she would remain there all night if he didn't bring her to orgasm with his mouth. Though he worked his tongue in and out of her slippery folds and sucked

hard on her clit, he couldn't make her come. Disdainfully she smoked a cigarette and berated him for his futile efforts. "This proves you're not a real man," she said with a smirk.



As punishment for David's inadequacy, Jessica decided that it was time for some cock-and-ball play. Though she swallowed most of his shaft down her throat, she fettered his sac so he couldn't come.



She then gave David another chance to prove himself by demanding that he lick her crimped rear hole. Her back door opened at his tongue's insinuation, and she barked instructions on how best to please her.

David's cock looked so appetizing framed by fishnet tights that Jessica couldn't resist. She asked if he had learned his lesson, and when he stuttered, "Yes, ma'am," she relented and sucked him until he came.

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

was in my mouth. Her hands worked my nipples through the nylon of the blouse. I reached for her breasts and lightly pinched her nipples. This obviously turned her on, because she rubbed harder against my pussy.

When we came up for air, I said, "Take off your jeans." She said, "Not yet, you have to wait." But she moved off of my pussy and unbuttoned my blouse. As she did that I took one of her nipples in my mouth and tongued it. She got the blouse off and rubbed my clit with it. The friction of the nylon and lace against my clit felt wonderful, and I moaned again. Maria pinched my nipples. Her tongue danced in my ear, across my neck, over my nipples and back. Then she stopped teasing my clit with the blouse and went at it with her tongue. I was ready to climax in no time. She expertly nibbled on my clit and cunt lips and fingered my pussy. Suddenly she spread me wide and began to fuck me with her fingers and tongue. I struggled up onto my elbows to see what Maria was doing to me. She pulled her mouth away from my clit and smiled at me while stroking me with her fingers. I fell back on the couch and moaned louder. Her fingers plunged in deeper with every thrust as her tongue massaged my clit. I half rose again for another look, but started shivering and coming hard as she probed deeper and deeper inside me until, with one final spasm, I fell back, exhausted.

But Maria wasn't through with me yet. While I was recovering, she took the juice from my pussy, and used it on my butt. Before I knew it, she had me up on my knees and was standing behind me, pushing two fingers into my ass. It felt so good. Then, just as before, she spread my cheeks wide and a third finger worked its way alongside the others. As I watched in the mirror, Maria fucked my ass with her long fingers, in and out, deeper and deeper, while she massaged my clit some more. I came again in rolling waves of orgasm.

When Maria unlocked the front door, I walked out wearing my new outfit, including a brand new pair of high heels, and felt completely satisfied.—*W.O., California*

Coupling

Like the saying goes, if something is easy, it's not worth doing. My girlfriend Crystal and I have wanted to get together with another girl or a couple for some time, but for a vast array of reasons it never worked out. One explanation is my feeling that those involved in the swinger lifestyle tend to be a little flaky.

Crystal is beautiful, with a mane of long, dark, curly, luxurious hair, a hot, petite body, 34C breasts, and piercing blue eyes. She's been ready for action and getting quite frustrated at how long things were taking.

The other night things at last came together in a wondrous, intense evening that almost wasn't. Having communicated online and over the phone, we finally met Shawn and Angela at a downtown club. We were a little late getting there. It was crowded, and we were about to give up looking when we bumped into them at a table. They were almost ready to leave.

Shawn was a handsome guy, about six-foot-one, with a goatee like mine. Angela was really pretty and wore a tight top to accentuate her curves. After partying for a couple of hours, the four of us decided to head back to our place and watch a porno.

Several times during the movie I fooled around with Crystal while keeping an eye on the other two, making sure Crystal and I weren't going too fast or not being good hosts. When it appeared that Shawn and Angela weren't ready to start, Crystal and I would back off and go back to watching the movie.

Around 2 A.M. I was getting tired, but not too tired if there was still a chance that events might turn out the way we wanted them to. I kissed Crystal real deep and didn't care what Shawn and Angela were doing or not doing. "Doug," Crystal whispered, "don't stop."

I peeked again at our companions and was relieved to see that they too had started making out heavily. Crystal and I went back to twisting tongues. I pulled down her dress, baring one of her tits, which I sucked on. We tumbled to the floor, where I hiked up her dress and ran my hands all over my girl's smooth, round ass. When I glanced over at Shawn and Angela, her top was off and he was sucking her tits too.

My hands roamed all over Crystal's body. I pulled off her panties, ran my tongue up her lovely legs, found her perfectly shaved pussy glistening with her love juices in the candlelight, and dove in. Crystal moaned and grabbed my head, pressing her pussy against my mouth. Our new friends were doing the same. Shawn had Angela's legs wrapped tight around his head.

I picked Crystal up and carried her into the bedroom, where she took off my briefs and sucked my cock. It was a slow blowjob. Her tongue circled the head, then ran back down the shaft and licked my balls. She lay back on the bed, and I plunged my dick into her pulsing cunt. It slipped in nice and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

"Care to have your balls licked?"

MACHINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

of the Cuban sports system; or that it is in the boxers' genes.

To which an unprejudiced observer might respond: Yes, they give them school, food, a place to live, and seven bucks a month. But most of these boys don't have practice gloves or shoes. Speed bags are nearly nonexistent. Hanging truck tires act as heavy bags. Hot water is a rarity. Sometimes so is cold. In case no one's noticed, most U.S. boxers are black and/or Latino.

Cubans, for better or worse, do exchange certain freedoms for security. However, the idea that a decades-long sports dynasty could be created by threat is ludicrous. Yes, many Cuban athletes have chosen to defect. The amazing thing is how many great Cuban champions—Felix Savon and Teofilo Stevenson come to mind—have refused multimillion-dollar offers to bolt. And yes, Cuba does like to convert right-handers to lefties. If that seems sneaky to sports purists, what about switch-hitters?

So let us take a look at some of the more probable sources of Cuban boxers' 40 years of success.

Cuban boxers have clearly defined goals, regularly upgraded. Throughout the Cuban boxing system there are many programmatic elements involving insightfully moving the carrot. (Even Sagarra has a deepening goal: Now he wants to win all 12 golds at the Olympics. And he's serious.)

Cuban boxing has well-developed, parallel, overlapping structures.

The athletic school system and the boxing federation/clubs system back each other up, linked by INDER.

Cuba sacrifices for sports. Yes, Cuba does spend much of the little money it has on sports. How they feel comfortable spending on boxing tours and not on infant care, sewer repair, and water systems is another issue.

Cuba focuses its facilities and resources toward the largest pool of people. U.S. boxers do not come from the New York Athletic Club. They come from the streets, from the poor. Cuba's system primarily serves the poor majority.

No talent goes undiscovered in Cuba. Cuba's policy of participatory sports for all Cubans manages to enlist the entire country as scouts.

Cuba has great trainers and coaches, products of a tireless visionary. Sagarra, while a great coach and scholar, is most important for his effectiveness at inspiring other teachers, coaches, and trainers. Cuba will carry on after Sagarra.

Cuba's assiduous use of the DPC optimizes performance and awareness. Ask any horse trainer about developing and programming optimum cycles for performance.

Cuba has an enemy. Much the way our politicians demonize Cuba to galvanize support, Cuba has always made the most of the symbolic value of its main adversary—the USA—to promote unity and motivation. If the Cuban people actually harbor ill will toward Americans, it is mostly invisible.

Cuba has an obstacle. Cuba succeeds, not in spite of its material limitations, but because of them.

Any student of human excellence must observe the tendency for organizations to experience periods of poor performance, failure, rebuilding years, etc. Cuba's ongoing mastery of world boxing is unique and something of a beautiful mystery.

See you in Santiago.

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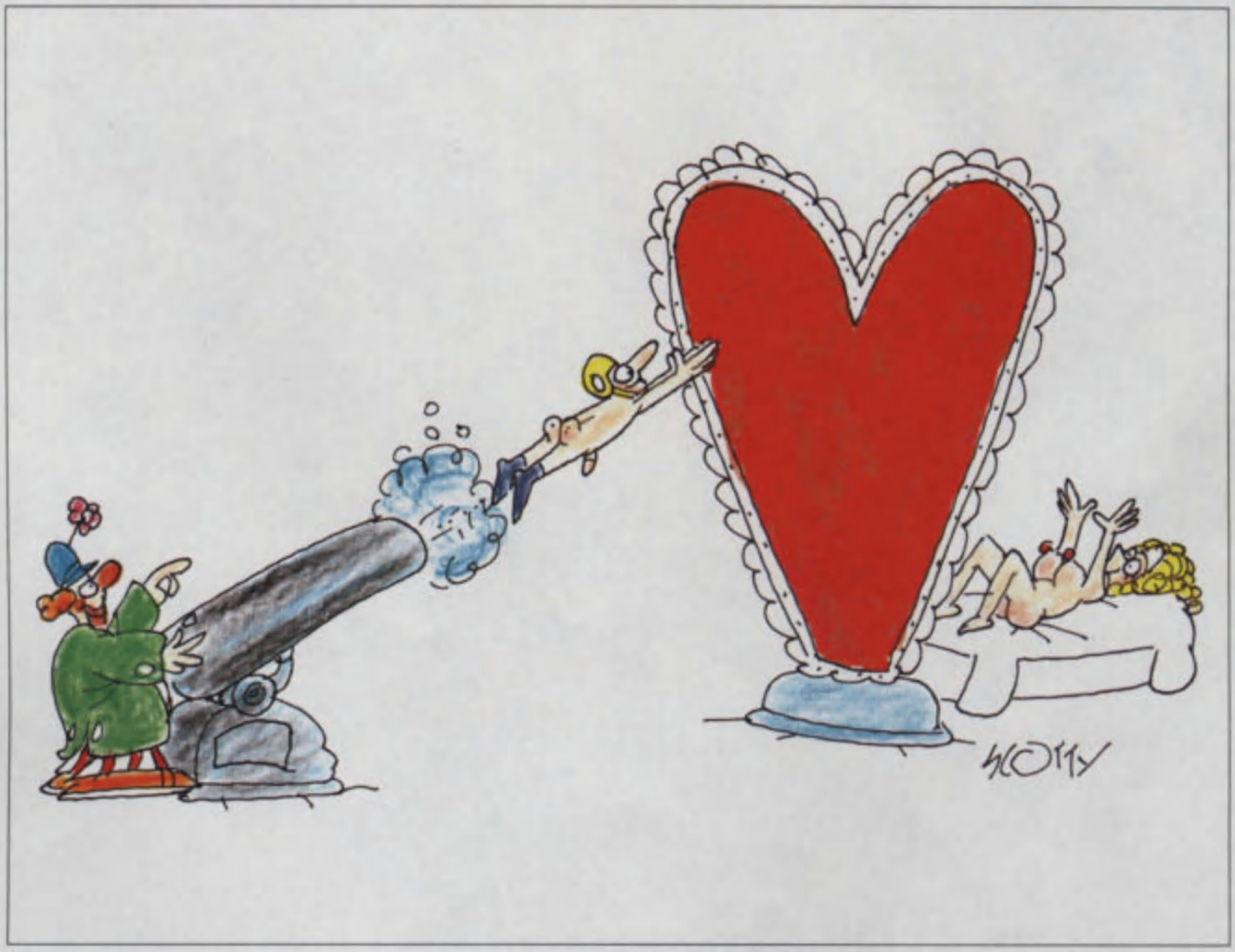

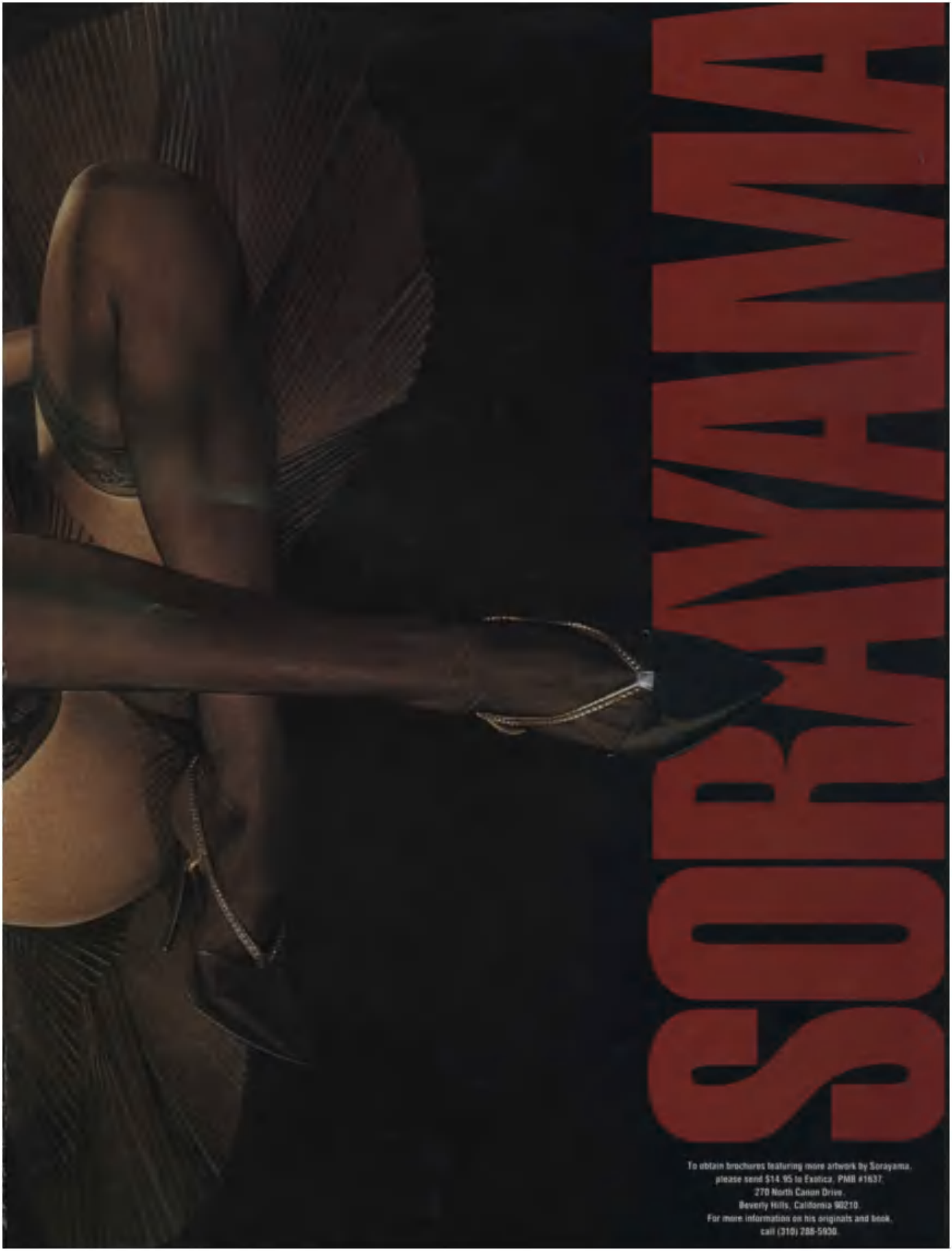
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CHRIS WEBBER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

game. We made him put on all of our chains and sit on the bench looking like Mr. T. We made sure the cameras caught him, and for days people came up to him doing their Mr. T impressions to the point that this guy was in tears.

Any desire to travel to the moon?

If I didn't have to train for it, I would go. I'd like to dispel the myth that we've never landed on the moon. But I'd rather go to another planet, like Mars or Venus.

What's the toughest part about having to play against your good friend and former teammate Jason Williams?

Not laughing. He's the silliest person I've ever met in my life. He's my buddy.

Name one thing you'd still like to do.

I'd like to go to NFL training camp to see if I could make it. I was recruited for football at Michigan, but I remember hearing some guys say, "We could break those skinny legs easily." So I figured basketball was the way to go.

What's something about you that would surprise our readers?

I'm just a mama's boy. I get around her and I'm like a little baby.

Are you a remote-control freak?

I'm playing with it right now. I hate when people grab my remote control. I'm always flipping through the commercials. I have universal remotes for everything, and they're all labeled.

When was the last time you talked yourself into an apology?

[No answer]

Calling all sports fans: To see the complete text of this interview, visit our Website at www.penthouse.com.

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The Unrepentant Voyeur

News and Nudes

Article by Ralph Gardner Jr. • Illustration by Guy Crittenden

As a journalist, I try to avoid falling prey to publicity blitzes, but sometimes they are hard to resist, especially when press flacks invite you to a three-star restaurant to pitch a story. That's where I found myself on a recent afternoon when I lunched with Diane Foster, the weatherwoman (or, rather, the former weatherwoman, but more about that later) for NakedNews.com, a Website that features talented young ladies reading the news in the nude. Diane was accompanied by NakedNews's perky publicist, Kathy Pinckert.

The women had started the morning by doing Jay Thomas's radio show, followed by ABC's *The View* with Barbara Walters, Joy Behar, etc. Next came lunch with me, and then an hour of downtime at their hotel before being whisked off to Court TV's studios to appear on *Catherine Crier Live*. Diane hadn't committed any crime; Crier, like everybody else, apparently just needed an excuse to run a pixilated clip of a nude female.

I was willing to join the Website's publicity bandwagon not just because of the free food, or because I'd visited the site and been impressed with how polished the product was, but also because I admired NakedNews.com for lobbing one across the bow of the news business. The line between news and entertainment hasn't just become blurred, it's been buried alive. And NakedNews is placing a beautiful wreath on the grave.

The Einsteins behind NakedNews are two mystery men whom Kathy Pinckert declines to identify. "One is an artist, the other is a Web designer; they have been friends forever," she said. "They were hanging out one night watching TV. You know how guys are. They probably looked at one of the news babes and started chatting about what it would look like [if she dropped her trousers]."

If the masters of the universe over at AOL-Time Warner, Viacom, and Disney thought they could get away with it, I have no doubt they would have Diane Sawyer, Katie Couric, and Stone Phillips disrobing too. (On that note, I'd like to digress for a moment to compliment Couric, one of the few women left on TV who isn't afraid to tan or show off her ever-improving and usually stocking-free gams. At 7 A.M. they provide the perfect complement to my glass of OJ.)

But back to the NakedNews. Diane, a former ophthalmic laser technician, delivered the weather nude except for a sombrero, for example, on "Mexican Mondays," when she reported the forecast in Tijuana and Guadalajara, or six-shooters when she was giving the chances of rain in Dodge City. She arrived for lunch in a festive blue polka-dot blouse that complemented not only her satin-blue eyes but also showcased a chest that was already familiar, not just to me, but also to the six million visitors (according to Kathy) who flock to NakedNews.com each month.

"We're about nudity. We're not about sex. Just because

Diane explained over *amuse bouche*, a selection of bite-size hors d'oeuvres, that the greatest hurdle she had to overcome when she took the weather job wasn't her modesty, or even her ignorance of meteorology; it was her slight lisp. "It's a habit you can break through lessons and exercises," she said, adding that NakedNews picked up the bill for her speech therapy. "The nudity was a nonissue for me. I had been to several nudist resorts. I've always been very comfortable with my body."

And I'll be the first to attest that it showed on camera, or rather on my computer monitor, on the rare occasions when my dial-up modem managed to keep up with the streaming transmission of Diane and her colleagues—Victoria Sinclair (international news), Carmen Russo (entertainment), Holly Weston (sports), and Lucas Tyler, the show's answer to Matt Lauer and the network's first nude male anchor. (Victoria too has since moved on, and Lucas now appears on the male edition.)

The only thing that bugged me about Diane and Kathy, not that I was about to complain while they were underwriting my $35 prix-fixe lunch, was when they started to claim earnestly that NakedNews.com owes its fledgling success not to Diane and her colleagues' tits and asses—even though sightings of the weather lady's shapely backside occurred far too rarely and only when she whipped around to reach some far-flung Canadian province on her weather map (the program originates in Toronto)—but because they're delivering a superior editorial product.

"They are originally hooked by 'What is that NakedNews thing?' " Kathy said, referring to the site's repeat customers. "At some point, to draw somebody back, a naked girl is not going to do it. There has to be something else. That thing is called content."

"I stand in front of a green screen," Diane added cheerfully. "I have to look at the monitor to see if my hands are in the right place. That's a skill and a half."

I certainly don't mean to belittle the site's content. Diane was a weather natural, or rather *au naturel*, with a sure sense of comedic timing. And the reports are well written. It makes me feel for the writers. Theirs must be the most underappreciated job in show business.

I've tried to focus on the site's so-called content. Really I have. The publicist even supplied me with a promo video, which provided the first time I had ever watched when the picture and voice were in synch. But even then I couldn't pay attention. Whether Diane or one of her colleagues was discussing the latest mortar attack in the Middle East or the weather in Vancouver, 98 percent of my brain function was focused on their tits, and the other two percent on their neatly trimmed triangles. (The folks at NakedNews are obviously aware of this; the one time they did their reports clothed was following the September 11 terrorist attacks.)

"We've got lots of couples that watch," Kathy chirped, as if to suggest that the Website is a veritable crucible of family values. And to tap that amiable male/female tension, Diane added, she and Lucas experimented with a "he said/she said" format—sort of, I suppose, the way Shana Alexander and James J. Kilpatrick went at each other on *60 Minutes* in the old days—except in the nude.

"It's nice to be part of something that will be, if it isn't already, making a difference," Diane added over her lobster.

According to Kathy, 20 percent of the site's viewers are female. And they e-mail NakedNews to say how appreciative they are that the news team is composed of real women with normal-size breasts and wide hips, instead of the surgically enhanced strippers who define the pornographic aesthetic. Heck, Holly Weston, who was on maternity leave at the time of my interview with Diane, did the news in the nude when she was nine months pregnant, though I can't truthfully say I'm sorry to have missed that.

"There's some real role-modeling going on," Diane said.

Just for the experience, I also watched the program as part of a couple—not with my significant other, but with NakedNews entertainment correspondent Carmen Russo. Though, admittedly, it wasn't the same as if we'd been in bed together. Carmen was on the phone in Toronto and sans computer, so I had to describe to her what was happening on the monitor, a challenge made all the more difficult by the fact that the video stream consistently seemed to be running a good 20 to 30 seconds behind the sound.

Carmen, a model, actress, and most recently a dental hygienist until fate selected her for stardom, agrees with her former colleague Diane that nudity is no big deal and that North Americans need to grow up and adopt a more enlightened, European attitude toward the sight of bare breasts. "*Their* view is so different," she said longingly, referring to her experience modeling in Italy and France. "Go to the beaches and people are nude. There's nudity on TV shows. My feeling is, what's the big deal? It's sexy but it's not sexual."

Having said that, Carmen, a well-preserved 42, was extremely interested in what I thought of her stage presence in general and her butt in particular. "How do I look?" she demanded. "Do I look comfortable? Did they pull down? Maybe you'll see my bum. Today I had a hard time. I had to do ten takes. Usually I only need one or two."

The camera did indeed pan down to Carmen's lower body, and hers *was* a proud and lovely posterior, as I told her. "I have a nice bum," she confirmed, adding that that particular body part receives its own share of fan mail. "I'll get, 'Can you turn around and show your bum for a longer time when you're leaving?' We hear from everyone all over the world—19 and older—and we get lots of languages we can't read sometimes."

Occasionally, fans criticize the talent when they make factual errors; while the ladies all say they read the newspaper more frequently now that they're in the information-gathering business, none appears to be what you'd call a news junkie. There are also occasional challenges of their pronunciation, which has a distinctly long-voweled Canadian twang to it. "They'll let us know if we make a mistake, or they'll say, 'I don't like the way you pronounce Newfoundland,' " Carmen confided.

But most of the complaints, in any language, as you would probably guess, have less to do with the ladies' accents than with the fact that they don't flaunt their bodies more.

While I appreciate the concept behind NakedNews, I'm forced to admit that there's room for improvement. For example, a little lesbian action between the anchors probably wouldn't hurt ratings any. However, Holly Weston told me not to hold my breath. "That's not what we're about," she scolded. "We're about nudity. We're not about sex. Just because you're naked doesn't mean it's a sexy thing. You get naked to go in the shower, right?"

While their righteous indignation seems slightly misplaced to me, I'm pleased to report that none of the sudden celebrity seems to have gone to the ladies' heads. All seem to have remained refreshingly modest—not that they don't have ambitions. Carmen sees herself someday crossing over to a non-naked news provider, and says one role model is Andrea Thompson, the former *NYPD Blue* star who left that show to pursue a news career and then, despite nude scenes in a couple of B movies, was quickly hired by CNN. "CNN knew a good thing," Carmen said.

Which isn't to say that Carmen and her colleagues will be forced to leave the Website if they desire to grow professionally. The company is expanding into the Naked Broadcasting Network, Kathy said, adding, "To find a home on cable television is a major goal. We'll be there in the next 12 months or less.

"We'll be expanding into other types of programming," she added. "We'll probably look at a comedy program, and something in the sports arena, though I think nudity will always be a cornerstone and a hallmark of what we do."

Diane Foster's dreams are big too. She may have been servicing lasers a few short months earlier, but at lunch the sky was the limit. She told me that one of her ambitions was to host a travel show in the buff. "I think going to all the nude beaches in the world would rock," she said. "I'd also like to try my hand at a sitcom."

That's why it came as something of a shock to me when I learned that Diane, whose career opportunities with NakedNews had seemed limitless, had left the Website shortly after our lunch. Kathy was subsequently under a gag order from her bosses not to discuss the former weatherwoman's whereabouts. "Diane just went off to greener pastures," she said. "That's all I'm allowed to say."

you're naked doesn't mean it's a sexy thing."

When I pressed her further, Kathy told me, "She made a career change ... out of show business."

While Kathy said she'll miss Diane, she painted her friend's departure as proof that NakedNews.com is becoming a player in the news business. "The exposure, no pun intended, turned into a new opportunity," Kathy said. "It's really going to catapult people into a lot of different directions."

Perhaps so. But I can't help remembering something Diane told me at lunch that may indicate why she quit the news, or rather the naked news, business: a lack of respect from the Barbara Walterses and Catherine Criers of the world. "I'm tired of being pixilated," she'd said.

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

snug, and we fucked with her legs straight up in the air. After a few minutes we got curious to see how Shawn and Angela were doing, so we went back into the living room.

Shawn and Angela were completely naked. Angela was on her knees sucking his cock. His moans filled the room as she gobbled his manhood. We decided to do the same. Shawn and I stood side by side with the heads of our gorgeous women bobbing this way and that on our slick dicks.

Crystal got on all fours. I grabbed her hips from behind and placed my cock at the entrance of her beckoning twat. Shawn and Angela got on the floor. He went between Angela's legs and licked her pussy. I fucked Crystal doggie-style, slapping my balls against her ass. We inched forward, closer to Angela and Shawn. I felt an extra shiver of excitement course through me when Angela's arm reached out and touched Crystal. She maneuvered herself below Crystal's face. I fucked harder as Crystal leaned down, sucked Angela's tits, and worked her way down to her stomach, then between Angela's legs, where Shawn was eating her out.

Then Shawn lifted Angela off the floor and onto the couch, where she impaled herself onto his cock. I kept fucking Crystal doggie-style as we watched Shawn and Angela fuck. Crystal reached out and felt Shawn's cock sliding in and out of Angela's wet hole. Crystal licked all around Angela's pussy as Shawn continued his thrusts. Shawn said, "Oh, God," as he felt Crystal licking his cock and balls and Angela riding his dick at the same time. Crystal pulled Shawn's dick out of Angela's pussy and sucked him off. I saw Crystal's cheeks fill with cock as she sucked all the pussy juice off of it.

I grabbed Crystal and got on the couch myself. Again, Shawn and I were side by side, but this time we sat on the couch as Crystal and Angela rode us, bouncing up and down on our throbbing shafts. Shawn fucked Angela hard as she slammed her body down on his cock. Then Crystal climbed off me, pulled me up, got on the couch, and spread her legs. Tickling her clit, she said, "Fuck me, Doug. Fuck me hard." I did exactly as she asked. I took the tip of my dick and teased her quivering cunt with it. Shawn and Angela had by now retreated to the floor, where he had her down on her back, her legs wrapped tight around his back.

Crystal inched her way over to them. She lowered her pussy over Angela's face. I watched in fascination as Angela's tongue worked its way over Crys-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 137

THE JOKE MAN

This month's crop of zappers, snappers, and one-line knee-slappers from the comic cosmos of...
JACKIE MARTLING

Harry hobbles into a bar on a crutch. He has two black eyes and a bloody lip. The bartender says, "What the hell happened to you?"

Harry says, "The guy next door did this."

The bartender says, "He must have had some kind of weapon in his hand."

Harry says, "Yeah, a tire iron."

The bartender says, "Didn't you have anything in *your* hand?"

Harry says, "Yeah. His wife's left tit. It's beautiful, but not much good in a fight."

There are two flies on a cow's ass. Which one is on drugs?
The one sniffing the crack.

• A cop pulls a guy over for speeding and asks to see his driver's license.

The guy says, "I don't have one. It got suspended when I got my fifth DWI."

The cop says, "Let me see your registration."

The guy says, "It's not my car. I stole it. But come to think of it, I think I saw the registration in the glove compartment when I was putting my gun in there. That's where I put it after I shot and killed the woman who owns this car. Then I stuffed her in the trunk."

The cop immediately calls his captain. The car is quickly surrounded by police, and the captain approaches the driver to get a handle on the situation.

The captain says, "May I see your license?"

The guy says, "Sure."

The captain says, "Whose car is this?"

The guy says, "It's mine, officer. Here's the registration."

The captain says, "Could you slowly open your glove compartment so I can see if there's a gun in it?"

The guy says, "Yes, sir, but there's no gun in it."

The captain looks, and there's no gun.

The captain says, "Would you mind opening your trunk? I was told that there's a body in it."

The guy says, "No problem." He opens the trunk, and there's no body.

The captain says, "I don't understand it. The officer who stopped you said you told him you didn't have a license, had stolen the car, had a gun in the glove compartment, and that there was a dead body in the trunk."

The guy says, "Oh yeah? I'll bet that creep told you I was speeding too."

Harriet says to her husband, "My cousin Richard is an artist. I'd like him to visit one weekend and paint a picture of us making love."
Her husband says, "Oh, does he do still life?"

• A lawyer is riding in his limo when he sees two men eating grass by the side of the road. He tells the driver to stop. He says, "Why are you guys eating grass?"

The first guy says, "We don't have any money for food."

The lawyer says, "Both of you, please get in the car and come with me."

The first guy says, "But, sir, I have a wife and two children."

The second guy says, "I have a wife and six children."

The lawyer says, "We'll pick them up."

They get in the car, go pick up all the wives and children, and the first guy says to the lawyer, "You're too kind. Thank you so much."

The lawyer says, "No problem. Hey, the grass at my house is almost a foot tall."

Why don't Polish people eat chocolate?
Because they get diarrhea from the foil.

• JoAnna is booked for an ocean voyage. She goes into the drug store and asks the druggist for a three-month supply of birth-control pills and 100 seasick pills.

The druggist looks at her and says, "Lady, if it makes you so sick, why do it at all?"

• Lenny is talking to a girl in a New York City bar.

He says, "Can I get you a drink?"

She says, "Certainly."

Lenny says, "What would you like?"

She says, "Champagne."

He says, "Why champagne?"

She says, "Because when I drink champagne I imagine I am a goddess on the Nile, draped in a long flowing robe, relaxing peacefully, with servants fanning me and dropping peeled grapes into my mouth."

Lenny says, "What if I just buy you a draft beer?"

She says, "I'll cut wet farts all night."

How can you tell if a blonde is having a bad day?
Her tampon is behind her ear and she can't find her pencil.

• Nelson comes home and finds his wife fucking a young stranger. He says, "Excuse me, pal, is that *your* sports car with the slashed tires and the smashed windshield parked in front of my house?"

If you think you can stump The Joke Man with a joke he doesn't know, send it to JokeLand, c/o Penthouse *magazine, 11 Penn Plaza, Twelfth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10001. If Jackie doesn't know it, you'll receive a copy of his Oglio Records CD* F. jackie. *Please include your mailing address with your submission.*

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X RATED VIDEO

By Al Goldstein

Roommate Unwanted

Bad Thoughts
Vivid Video ⅄⅄⅄

This well-filmed Vivid title (right) is the work of provocative pornmeister David Aaron Clark. Though it is not the sort of dark and deranged material (à la *Poison Candy* and *Sex Driver*) we've come to expect from Clark, it is a hot takeoff on the *Single White Female* theme (bitch roommate takes over nice girl's life). The opener stars Mariesa and perennial stud Dale DaBone in happier times (before über bitch Dayton moves in), dirtying up the linens in Mariesa's bedroom. There are lots of nice tight shots of Mariesa's lovely face bobbing up and down on Dale's turgid cock. Dale fucks Mariesa in the good ol' mish posish for about 30 seconds before flipping her over and ramming her hard, doggiestyle, until he comes all over Mariesa's fine ass and freshly laundered down comforter. Later, when Mariesa walks in on Dayton having a bath, she fantasizes about having her own holes probed by Dayton's tongue. Pat Myne and Eric Masterson have a go with Mariesa, and a threesome with Dayton, Taylor, and Dale stokes the fires geometrically. Mariesa eventually falls for the sleazy charms of Tony Tedeschi, who talks her into a ladies'-room tryst. Tony dines on her wet clam, then gets her to suck his cock before he takes her from behind and empties his balls on her coffee-colored jugs. All in all, this is another serviceable Vivid "couples" flick.

Color Me Gone

Secret World
Pleasure Productions ⅄⅄⅄⅃

As a shy comic-book artist unable to relate to real women, Randy Spears retreats into a sex-filled fantasy world. Despite the efforts of his pal Alec Metro to draw him out of his shell by hooking him up with hot bitches, Randy keeps descending deeper into his self-imposed exile. The now married and retired Europorn queen Silvia Saint is Randy's dream girl and star of most of his fantasies here, and her scenes are the hottest ones in this stylish and well-acted vid. Jessica Drake and Allysin Chaynes provide the flick's hottest dyker, and real-life couple Shelbee and Pat Myne kick up the heat a few more notches with their torrid scene. A nonhallucinated threesome Randy has with Tyler and Allysin brings all this to a hot finale, and magically snaps our boy out of his waking nightmare. Good premise and acting, seething sex, and gorgeous women all add up to a solid video.

Who Needs Men?

My Girlfriend's Girlfriends
Pleasure Productions ⅄⅄⅃

Though little more than a loop carrier, this plotless all-girl vid still offers a few sizzling surprises. The opener stars Dru Berrymore and Tara Wild. Both hotties give their all, but Dru's incessant babbling diminishes an otherwise visually appealing bout. Jeannie Rivers and Sky Taylor provide the best segment in the video, the fun starting with Jeannie slowly and sensually sucking the toes of Amazon-like Sky. Both of these shameless pussylickers seem to genuinely enjoy each other's company, and that helps lift the act into the stratosphere. Envy, a very enthusiastic Czech rugmuncher, follows up with Paige Sinclair, who has a bald slit and a pierced tongue. Her pixie looks make her irresistible to watch as she rides Envy's huge strap-on reverse cowgirl-style. The closing bit stars Chennin Blanc, Summer Breeze, and another Czech, Nakita Denise. Although Nakita is into it, the other two girls seem a bit confused and unfocused. Overall, though, girl-girl fans might have a ball.

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Tales of the TALIBAN

SATIRE BY BILL LEE

THAT IS WHY THEY ARE CALLED SMART BOMBS.
TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK

OH, THAT THUMB IS SO HOT, OH, WOW, A SEXY THUMB
WAKKA WA

YES, IT IS LOVELY.
LOOK AT THE ASSHOLE ON THAT CAMEL.

I THINK I'VE SPOTTED ANOTHER DRAFT DODGER.

WHAT IS THAT?
WE HAVE CAPTURED AN ENTIRE CASE OF AMERICAN SECRET DOCUMENTS.

MISS AFGHANISTAN

THIS IS CN ENEMA REPORTING FROM THE BED OF OSAMA BIN LADEN.
NBC GETS THE ANTHRAX AND CN ENEMA GETS OUR PROPAGANDA VIDEOS...

X-RATED VIDEO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

Art Imitating Life

Girl World 2
Vivid Video ⊥⊥⊥⊥

All Vivid films are constructed around a star the company is pushing. This one features Cassidey, a taut and spicy babe, in three of its five sapphic couplings. The theme here is the world of art. The opener has foxy graffiti artists Cassidey and Adriana Sage taking a break from defacing buildings in order to probe each other's tangy twat. Scene 2 exhibits body-painting duo Cassidey and Brittaney Starr (a Britney Spears look-alike). Brittaney's obvious lust for dripping cunt is apparent, if often interrupted by the director's cutting away to fawn over Cassidey's face. The fun starts with Cassidey painting INSERT COCK HERE on Brittaney's fine back end, but ends with an overlong collage of nonsex shots. Scene 3 is the high point, with Jesse, a sexy blonde art aficionado, ogling the statue of an Egyptian love goddess. The statue comes to life when Jesse strips off her black dress and starts fingering herself. Within moments, Jesse's probing tongue has licked the gray granite from the statue's throbbing clit, which stands out in shocking pink. Scene 4 is standard Vivid fare, featuring two big-tit shaved blondes slavering over a giant misshapen clay penis while diddling each other. Finally, Luna and Cassidey eat each other with abandon, winding up a surprisingly strong vid with a bang. If you like muffdiving movies, this eminently strokable flick is for you.

Hurts So Good

Love Hurts
Robert Hill Releasing ⊥⊥⊥⊥

Acclaimed fetish photographer Carlos Batts is one of the very few in the trade worthy of his acclaim, and with this foray into the world of hardcore videos, it won't be long before he's an ace on that front too. This melange of sci-fi, horror, and surrealism makes for one great fuck flick. It is evident from the first few minutes as Gia Regency masturbates with a rigid dildo while Ted Hunter works a piece of metal pipe on an industrial grinder alongside her. The showering sparks and irritating noise of metal on metal builds in intensity with Gia's self-induced sexual tension ... and similarly explodes. Hunter plays an intergalactic traveler who tools around outer space looking for alien coochie. Power tools and other factory items play a large role, and all the girls are clad in various latex, leather, and knotted-rope outfits. For fans of buff snappers, it should be noted that all of these babes are completely smooth. There is a strong fetish element, but unlike most other fetish-themed tapes, there's hardcore sex to keep things hot. Check this one out, and also be on the lookout for Batts's book *Wild Skin* (Edition Reuss). Batts is a sick fuck whose time has come.

Hungary for Cock

Fresh Euro Flesh #3
Odyssey Group Video ⊥⊥⊥

Julia, Brigitte, and Synthia are hot babes, and the sex action here is worthy of multiple wank sessions. Shot on location in Budapest, as so much porn is these days, this plotless wall-to-wall fuck reel starts off with John and Julia getting it on in a lavishly appointed apartment. Eastern European videos such as this have a way of conjuring the spunk like no others, and I think it's because of the way they approach the filming of the sex acts. There's no posing for the camera or staged positions as there is in American pornos, and the sets aren't blown out with lighting suitable for surgery. It looks as though the camera is simply left on while the couple in front of it fucks. Five scenes, all of which are of the boy-girl variety, are long on raunch and short on everything I hate most about porn. These Euro gals also like to have their faces spooged on, and most of them don't seem to mind the taste of come. A winner all around!

Portrait of Pulchritude

Artemesia
Vivid Video ⊥⊥⊥⊥

This is the true story of a female Italian artist named Artemesia who lived in the 1600s. In her time, women were not allowed to paint the nude body, so she was forced to do that on the sly. She not only had to work in secret but also had to keep her canvases hidden from public view. Consequently, her greatest pieces were seldom seen. The eight sex scenes in this vid are all brilliantly filmed and edited; hats off to Ralph Parfait and Guillermo Brown for their great camera work. Raylene has three scenes: one with Julian, one with Bobby Vitale, and one girl-girler with Blair. There's also a great orgy; the standout performance in that scene is courtesy of Mr. Marcus and Vivian Valentine. One of my other faves was a threesome involving Devin Wolf, Alana, and Blair. Artemesia ain't no Jackson Pollock, but Raylene is much more pleasant to watch than the grizzled Ed Harris any day. In fact, Raylene won a Best Actress *AVN* Award for her work in this film.

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

tal's clit and sucked it in. Crystal's face was ecstatic as she moved her hips in motion with Angela's mouth. She kissed her way down Angela's stomach to where she found Shawn's dick sliding in and out of Angela's pussy. Crystal grabbed his dick and stuck it in her mouth, swallowing as much as she could. As I went to fuck Crystal once more from behind, Angela pulled my cock out of Crystal's pussy and proceeded to suck me off. It was quite a thrill to watch Crystal suck another man's cock while my own was being sucked by this other woman. I felt myself get close to climaxing a couple of times before Angela finally jammed my dick back inside my girlfriend's pussy.

Then I moved back on the couch and Crystal sat down on my cock. Angela was half wrapped around us as Shawn fucked her up the ass. The four of us were in continuous motion as one mound of simmering flesh, conscious of nothing else in the world except an impending four-way orgasm of seismic proportions. Shawn bellowed as he came, and Angela, screaming, did the same. Shawn pumped his come inside his girlfriend as we all hit our stride together. I gasped to Crystal that I was coming, and she, biting her lip, felt her own wave of orgasm wash over her. "Come in me," she breathed. I yelled out and shot streams of hot, thick come inside her wet and well-fucked pussy.

We all collapsed in exhaustion. Our guests wanted to keep going after a short break, but it was now 4:30 A.M. and Crystal and I were well-winded. We invited Shawn and Angela to stay over. We saw her going back down on him as Crystal and I retreated to the bedroom. Our desire satiated, we took to our bed and drifted off to sleep, wondering what might come next. It was a good start to exploring our wild side, and something that would provide memories for some time to come.—*D.T., California*

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

finally came and John followed shortly after, filling my pretty little mouth with his spunk. I swallowed it all and licked his cock clean, leaving not a drop of his seed anywhere.

Since that time, more than a dozen years ago, John has continued to keep his lower parts shaved. I always tell him I love the way he looks and feels, and I prove it every chance I get. I grab his crotch, whether in private or in public, and we have had sex in many different and strange places. Every once in a while he lets his pubic hair grow back a little, but after only a couple of weeks he cannot stand the way it feels and shaves it all off again. His balls are so soft and supple without the hair, and he really enjoys it when I pop them in my mouth and gingerly suck on them. I did not like to do this when they were covered in shaggy hair. I would venture to guess that not many men experience the pleasure of getting their balls sucked, because most balls are covered with unsightly and not-so-tasty hair. Another benefit is that without all of that unnecessary hair obscuring it, John's cock actually appears bigger.

We have a large collection of sex toys. My hubby, though quite macho, really loves anal attention, and I enjoy penetrating his ass hole with my fingers, tongue, and our sex toys. His favorite is an eight-inch silicon dildo. He is very proud of the fact that he is able to take the whole thing up his perky butt. He experiences such powerful orgasms when I work on his cock and ass hole simultaneously. He can even come from anal penetration alone. I also get extremely turned on from doing this. I am now in the process of getting a dildo harness so that my hands will be free to play with John's cock and nipples while I fuck him. I am eager to learn what it is like to fuck like a man.

Xaviera, are you aware of any other men who are able to come by having just their asses penetrated without any manipulation of their cocks? And do you know of other men who regularly shave off their pubic hair? Outside of bodybuilders, who have been shaving their nonpubic body hair for some time, I guess body shaving is not considered appropriate to most of the male population. But I think that once men try it, they will love it, and even if they were crazy enough to want to go back to their shaggy days, their women would not allow it. If you need further proof, just ask me.—M.J., New Jersey

There is a generally accepted masculine belief that hairiness denotes virility, which may or may not be true. With the

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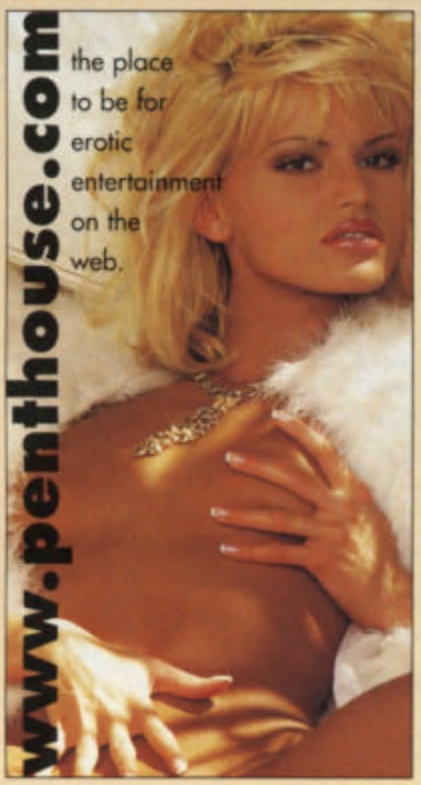

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exception of the story of Samson and Delilah—a tale I believe to be bullshit, the haircut being a fabrication to cover up the duplicity of Samson's lover, Delilah—there is no reason why the temporary removal of hair should affect the macho essence.

A lot of men appreciate anal attention, but a typical homophobic male-chauvinist reaction is to classify penetration of their own ass hole as homosexual, and therefore taboo. These poor guys don't know what they are missing. I received a letter recently in which the writer expressed surprise and delight to discover that massage of the prostate can produce a rapid ejaculation without any other stimulation.

The prostate is the gland that produces all that lovely semen for sperm to swim in, and any stimulation of it causes instant arousal. The reason most men awake with an erection is because their full bladder is pressing on the prostate.

One word of warning, however: Despite the pleasure factor, the anus is not really designed for intercourse, and excessive anal penetration with over-large objects could damage the sphincter muscles that close it, leading to possible incontinence later in life.

Hair: Part II

My wife and I just got married, and already we have a serious problem in bed. I want her to sleep in the nude because I like to cuddle and feel her baby-soft skin. She has no problem with sleeping in the nude; she's been doing that on hot nights since she can remember, but I am hairy and she doesn't like to feel my hair on her skin. Do you have a solution for us?—B.J., California

Living with another person—be it boyfriend, girlfriend, husband, mistress, lover, or a total stranger—is always difficult, especially when sharing a bed. For a full-time relationship, a dog or a cat is better, but that might not suit your wife because our four-footed friends, like you, are covered with hair.

The problem with humans as partners is that they will not do as they are told. This also applies to animals, but eventually animals can be trained, while the average human never seems to learn.

For a man to be hairy is not any more a maleficent characteristic than being good-looking or well hung, but when a physical characteristic is used aggressively, or becomes an obsession, it is potentially hazardous to a relationship.

Your wife's reaction to your simian body hair is merely defensive. She resists the idea of sleeping next to a hair shirt without some kind of protection in the same way that, if you had a 16-inch penis, she would need some kind of a buffer to prevent you from scrambling

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IS YOUR PENIS SIZE AVERAGE?

You probably have heard or read somewhere the average penis size is about 6 inches. If your penis is 6 inches and you want to be average then don't read any further. But if your not satisfied with an average or less then average size penis, the PRO+PLUS PILLS will help you grow up to 4 inches and it is perfectly safe and it is your secret because you can take the PRO+PLUS PILLS without anyone knowing that you are taking it.

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In a couple of weeks the most noticeable change will be the width of your penis and longer lasting erections. Then after a month or two you will see a change in the length of your penis and again you will notice a thicker and wider penis. As you stand in front of a mirror you will be amazed even without an erection how your penis wil 'hang' longer and thicker. After the third month when you have an erection you will see a very noticeable change. Not just in size but your penis will look firmer, stronger then you ever dreamed possible. **No pill sold anywhere can give you the maximum potential you want in two months.** Why settle for less when you can have much more. You need **three to four months** to grow to your maximum potential and we offer special prices for a three or four months supply with a **100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AND FREE OFFER!**

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her kidneys every time the two of you had intercourse.

Relationships can go up in flames for minor reasons. For example, my boyfriend says, "Please do not squeeze the toothpaste tube in the middle; squeeze only at the bottom!" We solved that one by keeping his-and-hers tubes.

Let's suppose it was your wife who was covered with hair. Unless she desired a job in a circus, she'd probably have to shave all over every day to avoid embarrassment. Eventually she might turn to electrolysis to avoid razor burn or stubble trouble.

When you have serious incompatibilities that inhibit closeness, you must take positive action. You must show your willingness to do something about your hairiness to please your lady and consider the alternatives.

The first, which is where you are at the moment, is to wear something, but here you should give free rein to your imagination. For her, try a designer nightdresses in filmy nylon, or better still, silk; for you, maybe an Errol Flynn–type embroidered shirt as modeled by Blackbeard the pirate.

You could also shampoo your body hair and apply conditioner or softener. But first you must get her to promise to try to get to like it. Whatever you do, don't force the issue, and keep your sense of humor intact.

To Tell or Not to Tell

I'm a good-looking 41-year-old divorced male who has been reading your column off and on for many years, so if you've addressed this before, please excuse me. I have had genital herpes since I was in my late twenties. With age, my outbreaks have become less frequent and severe. I am very careful with my sexual partners, and I take the best medication available whenever I so much as suspect an outbreak may be coming on. My dilemma is this: No one, including my doctor and the Centers for Disease Control, will give me straight answers. Do I have to go through the rest of my life announcing to prospective sexual partners my condition, and, if so, how and when? Should I tell them on the first or second date—or should I wait until we're headed for the bedroom? Also, am I to understand that for the rest of my life I can never have oral sex performed on me au naturel without putting my partner at risk? In addition, do I always have to wear a condom forever and ever, amen? I've screwed up a lot of relationships by telling women either too soon or too late. I hope you have some advice that will help me.—L.E., Connecticut

This is your old catch-22 question. No doctor in this country is going to stick his neck out by telling you what I believe

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to be the truth, which is that only during outbreaks of herpes are you likely to pass on the contagion. Let's face it: If all the sufferers of sexually transmitted diseases were effectively prevented from having any sexual contact, we could eradicate STDs in one generation. But in a democracy you can't put people in jail for having the clap.

Like diamonds, herpes is forever, and as a sufferer you should act responsibly to make sure no one catches it from you; even if you only date between outbreaks, always wear a condom and forswear unprotected oral sex. I do not see the need to confess your infirmity on a one-night-stand basis. The moment it looks like you are heading for a longer relationship, however, is when you have to tell the truth, and if she ditches you then and there, I'm afraid you will just have to learn to live with it. It is the luck of the draw and you are drawing to an inside straight.

Your best bet for a permanent relationship would be to find a woman who is also a herpes sufferer, because each of you can swear off sex during your outbreaks without embarrassment. The main problem with that idea is that she has the same problem as you and does not know whether to admit it. A personals ad in a magazine or newspaper that has a column for people who are seriously looking for a permanent partner, rather than instant gratification, might produce results, but until such a time, you will just have to go on screwing up relationships by not telling enough soon enough, or telling too much too soon.

Schizo Schlong

I have a question that's been buzzing around in my head for a while. I'm aware that penises vary from man to man, but can a penis vary in size on the same man? By this I mean that the length and girth shift from one moment to the next. Sometimes it may be longer and more slender, at other times shorter and thicker—or it may be both at the same time.

I'm 27 years old, six-foot-three, and have an average-size penis (seven inches). I'm not aware of any circulatory problems, nor have I had any kind of groin injury. My girlfriend doesn't mind, saying that my size is more than adequate, but I've seen her look at me differently when it's long and thick. Thankfully this hasn't had a negative effect on our lovemaking. On the contrary, I think it adds some variety. But my penis size fluctuates so often that I wonder if this is a common occurrence. It isn't a matter of compensating length for width or vice versa, since it's been both long and thick at the same time. I'm extremely curious about this and would like your remarks on the matter.—R.A., Puerto Rico

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You say that your girlfriend "doesn't mind," but have you really discussed this with her? Your fluctuating genitalia could be of extraordinary interest to science, but without a reliable first-hand witness the phenomenon might be dismissed as an optical illusion.

There exists the story of a young man on the London stock exchange who exacted a peculiar revenge on an older stockbroker. This was in the days when British businessmen wore a kind of uniform, a dark suit topped with a bowler hat. They also carried a briefcase and a tightly rolled umbrella; they read the morning paper on the train in the morning and the evening paper on the train home in the evening.

The young man, who was jealous of the older man's consistent success and condescending manner, went to the hat shop patronized by the older man, where he bought an identical bowler hat, down to the owner's initials printed in the lining, but a size larger. He substituted it for his foe's hat on a peg in the office, so that when the older man placed it on his head, it dropped down over his ears. The older man took it off, looked inside, saw his initials, and tried again with the same result. In desperation he finally folded his evening paper and inserted it in the hatband so that the hat fit his head.

The next day at the stock exchange, our young prankster replaced the original, complete with the newspaper that now made the hat perch high on his rival's head. After a week of such hat exchanges, the elderly stockbroker went to his doctor. "Doctor," he said, "my head keeps changing size. It gets larger or smaller every day."

In fact, our bodies do not stay the same day after day, year after year. We women are particularly aware of this fact. One morning I look in the mirror and I see a faultlessly beautiful face staring back. It seems unnecessary to put on any makeup. Later in the day I take another look and I see lines I didn't notice before, there is a definite puffiness in the cheeks, and I can't get the war paint on fast enough.

Xaviera would love to hear from you. Send your letters, comments, or fantasies to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse*, 11 Penn Plaza, Twelfth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10001. All letters should carry name and address, though these—in addition to other identifying characteristics—will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Ms. Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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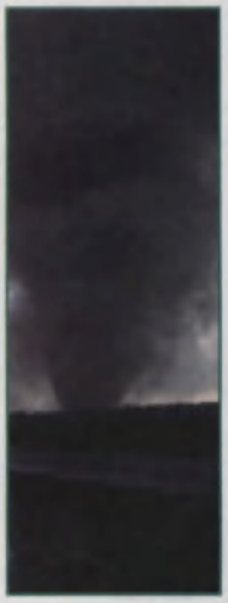
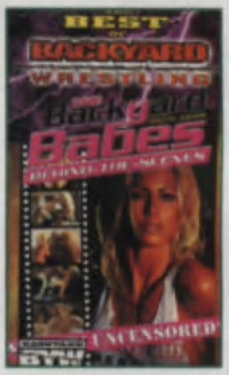


TWISTED

More than 1,000 tornadoes—some topping speeds of 200 miles an hour—will tear across the United States this year. There is no entirely accurate means for predicting the occurrence of these violent whirlwinds, but storm chasers are considered the frontline soldiers in the battle to protect against them. Those brave (some would say crazy) individuals, ranging from weekend warriors to scientists, haul around sophisticated equipment to track when and where a tornado will touch down. Phil Maranda sets out for Tornado Alley—the band wrapped around the middle of America where more of these phenomena hit than anyplace else—and heads into the heart of the tempest.

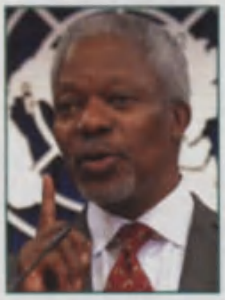
PORTRAIT OF A PIMP

The word *pimp* conjures an image of a hustling thug in a flamboyant polyester suit. Rosebudd, however, a veteran player with 20 years' experience on the street, adds dimension and complexity to the stereotype in his book *Rosebudd: The American Pimp*, which chronicles his transformation from college student to pimp to writer. "I hope to give an understanding of what a real pimp is about," he tells Maryam Henein in a no-holds-barred "Unrepentant Voyeur" interview about the "game," the girls, and "pimp court."



SEX, BLOOD, AND VIDEOTAPE

Generation X has given way to Generation WWF. Ring-mad kids in backyards, gyms, vacant lots, and barnyards all over the country are staging wrestling bouts in which they crease one another's skulls with crutches, golf clubs, home appliances, hay bales, garbage cans, barrel cactuses, barbed wire, and that old reliable, the folding chair, all in the name of spectacle. Gil Reavill looks into *The Best of Backyard Wrestling*, a ragingly popular video series dedicated to sex, blood, and general adolescent jackassery.



KOFI ANNAN INTERVIEW

Last year the Nobel Committee marked its 100th year by awarding the world's most prestigious honor, the Nobel Peace Prize, to the United Nations and its Secretary General Kofi Annan. In the wake of the September 11 terror attacks on America, it's safe to say that Annan faces a challenge unlike any of his predecessors. And unlike many of his predecessors, the charismatic, urbane secretary general is very well acquainted with the United States, having graduated from Macalester College in St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1961. Next month Annan talks to interviewer Russell Warren Howe about his hopes—and fears—for a world that is "as dangerous as it has ever been."

KEEPING OUR FREEDOM WHILE FIGHTING TERROR

In 1986, Alan Dershowitz wrote an article for *Penthouse* about what he hoped was "an unlikely hypothetical scenario": the possibility that someday an evil terrorist mastermind would "unleash suicide terrorists on innocent civilians in the United States." "How would American law-enforcement authorities respond to massive threats of terrorism?" Dershowitz wondered. Today that terrible possibility has become reality. Next month Dershowitz, one of America's leading legal authorities and a committed civil libertarian, helps us understand what balances we need to make as we struggle to combat the most difficult enemy our country has ever faced. You won't want to miss reading this vitally important article.

The new Passport 8500 is the "World's Best"

For well over twenty years, Escort has consistently brought you the best radar and laser detectors on the market – pushing the envelope of technology to do so. In this pursuit, our engineers strive to create a balance between long range warning, with minimum false alarms. This year, we've outdone ourselves, creating the best radar and laser detector ever.

Completely New Inside and Out

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The all-new Passport 8500 is the result of years of research, continuous testing (in the lab, and in-car driving) and relentless attention to details. The Passport 8500 has not only met all of our design specifications, it also has met the expectations of the industry's leading radar and laser experts.

"...have the manufacturers finally got a handle on this new threat?"

In the latest radar detector test conducted by *radartest.com*, and Craig Peterson, world-known expert on radar and laser technology, Peterson points out the rapidly-growing number of Ka-Band guns in North America, and addresses the need for better range on this band. In previous tests regarding Ka-band sensitivity, Peterson stated *"many of the manufacturers clearly hadn't responded to the challenge."* However, in this comprehensive radar detector test, Escort proves that it has been working on all of the right things, winning the coveted title of "World's Best." Why?

Blistering Ka-band performance

The Passport 8500 represents a quantum leap forward in Ka-band sensitivity. *Radartest.com* noted its incredible performance on Ka-band by stating *"It ferreted out the lethal digital Ka-band radar gun at 40,222 feet, fully 3.2 miles before the Valentine One."* Yeah, but that's one test.

Second opinion

Carl Fors, President of *Speed Measurement Labs*, also a world-known expert in the field of radar and laser technology, recently tested the new Passport 8500 and stated *"The 8500 gives intense advanced warning to radar five to seven times the normal targeting range of police radar, depending on radar band."* He was so impressed he went on to state *"The new 8500's superior performance and packaging takes us back to the 'Golden Years' of Escort's history."* You be the judge.

www.radartest.com
DETECTOR SHOOTOUT Total Scores

Escort 8500	**97**
BEL 980	94
Valentine One	77
K40 SS3000	39

You're invited

The new Passport 8500 is simply the best radar and laser detector available. We invite you to test drive the "World's Best" for 30 days. If you're not completely convinced that it's the best radar and laser detector you've ever driven, simply return it for a complete refund – no questions asked. Call today.

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